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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1893.

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Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 521 West 12th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 12th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS OR A PRIZE MEDAL FOR A NEW COMPETITION.

ONCE A WEEK offers a prize of one hundred dollars, or, at the option of the winner, a gold medal of equal value, to the student, male or female, at any college, convent, academy or public school in this country, Canada or elsewhere who will send to this office, on or before July 1, 1898, the best essay, not exceeding three thousand words in length, on the subject of "The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century."

The conditions of the competition are:

1. A copy of this notice must be attached to each essay, with the name and address of the author.
2. Every essay must be original and accompanied by a written assurance from the principal of the college, convent, academy or public school that the essay is the unaided work of the competitor.

Here is a fine chance to win one hundred dollars or a gold medal. Now let all the ambitious young girls and lads enter the contest with a determination to win.

Principals and teachers in colleges, convents, academies and public schools are respectfully requested to read this announcement to their pupils, and to stimulate them to take part in this interesting competition.

The committee to decide the contest will be carefully chosen, and announced in a later number of this paper.

WALL STREET, as well as the woods further West, is full of financial doctors who have all sorts of remedies for what ails the American monetary system.

INFANTA EULALIE, queen of Spain she cannot be; but queen of the ball and the dinner party—and of us all—is our Eulalie. Spaniards are we, and welcome, for Eulalie from over the sea. The fact is our Infanta does not rhyme well with our native poetry, unless we put her on a line by herself, which would not do at all. But all the rest of the natives are in the procession.

The Controller of the Currency announces that hereafter he will make two examinations of national banks every year instead of one. If good banks would only insist on making still more frequent reports, and publishing them, they would drive the speculative and "enterprising" kind out of business. In the case of the latter one extra examination in the year may not keep them straight; but it is better than one—perhaps.

The cruiser *New York*, on her trial trip on the 22d inst., made a record of twenty-one and seven hundredths knots an hour, eighty-three and one-third knots in three hours fifty-seven minutes and forty-five seconds—the fastest run ever made by an armored cruiser. The Cramps, who built her, get a premium of two hundred thousand dollars. The *New York* is faster, more heavily armored, and carries heavier guns than H. M. S. *Blake*, which was so much admired at the recent naval review. The record of the *Blake* is nineteen and seven hundredths knots an hour on her trial trip, when she broke down.

MR. WALTER G. SMITH wrote to the *Sun* some days ago pointing out the fact that Mr. Nordhoff arrived in Honolulu on the 7th of April, and the very next day sent off a letter to the *New York Herald* assuming to pass judgment on the whole Hawaiian question. The point is well taken. How could Mr. Nordhoff in ten or twelve hours ascertain the situation; for the actual working hours, deducting the time for eating, sleeping and writing, could not have been more? But, then, George Francis Train once spent twenty-four hours in Newfoundland and gathered enough material to write an exhaustive history of that proud colony.

IMPARTIAL investigation reveals the fact that at the bottom of all the recent failures of banks and business houses there is the same old cause at work; viz., an attempt to make something out of nothing. Worthless properties have been "bought up" with the hope of making them gilt-edged by syndicating them along with pay-

ing properties. Great purchases of real estate, "business opportunities," and even debts were made with a hope that sole possession of everything in sight meant sure sales at the promoters' own prices. When these things collapsed it was called want of confidence, a tight money market, and what not. The fact is, it is great expectations on one side and a few watchful financiers on the other, ready to lay all these properties down at their "cash" value.

A NEW VIEW OF THE SEALS.

IT is well to make a note of the main point in the Behring Sea dispute. The contention of American counsel is, that pelagic sealing—the indiscriminate destruction of seal life in Behring Sea—is wrong in itself, and opposed to international morality. The answer of British counsel to this is, substantially, that there is no such thing as international morality, and that it is none of our business, anyhow. We have the spirit of progress and the enlightenment of the age on our side; and the seals destroyed make their home on our Pribyloff Islands, where they raise their young.

If we cannot win the case on such an issue, it will be a step backward in international affairs. The learned and discriminating Tribunal of Arbitration, whose members were chosen for their integrity and enlightenment as well as for their learning, will have given their protection to a practice admittedly bad in itself; for the indiscriminate destruction of anything, even for the sake of gain, is defensible only in one way. In the light of reason it is not defensible at all. The only way in which it can be defended is by force, and we have shown, by acts, that Canadian poachers cannot defend their poaching in Behring Sea. We captured their vessels, and now they want damages.

This of course brings up the question of our rights in Behring Sea, and of our alleged ownership of the seals thus indiscriminately slaughtered. Technically, and in the light of all precedent up to date, we have no dominion over the seas in which this indiscriminate slaughtering of seals is done. The question, broadly stated, seems to be this: The Pribyloff Islands are the home and breeding-place of vast seal herds. The islands are United States territory by right of purchase. Have we the right to follow those seal herds away from the islands and protect them against poachers, on the ground that the herds make their home, as it were, with us? Such a question has never been raised in international affairs until now; and there is of course no precedent to cover it, one way or the other. Therefore we do not appeal to precedent. Our contention is that it is time—and now is the particular and special occasion—to establish a precedent with regard to seal life.

The body of international law, as it exists to-day, is made up exclusively of the decisions of prize courts and international tribunals, together with the closely reasoned dicta of text-writers of authority on the rights of nations. It is competent for the learned Tribunal at Paris to set the precedent, for example, that poachers have not the right to invade the seal fisheries with indiscriminate slaughter, in and out of the breeding season, unless those poachers can get away with their craft and their plunder. There is good international sanction for this principle, that international right is partly a question of might, of the power to enforce. We refer to the principle and practice of the blockade in time of war. A blockade is of no binding force, unless it is effectively maintained. Running the blockade is purely a question of getting away. So let it be with Canadian poachers. If they can slaughter seals and get away with their craft and plunder, let them go. That would be our fault. If they kill and destroy life that originates and is nurtured in United States territory, and the Paris Tribunal upholds them, that will have been the fault of the Tribunal.

Uncle Sam offers to take care of himself and his young seals and mother seals. If this is an open question, this country does not expect the Tribunal to close it in favor of poachers. The question of right and wrong is before that body. It will be competent for the Tribunal to decide the question on that basis. Precedent is powerless here. The question of seal life was never brought up before. The seal has a right to its life and its young, until the necessities and dominion of man, *rationality and discriminately* satisfied, call for the death of the seal. It is new to speak of a seal's rights; but it is the higher civilization, and more worthy of our species.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

The *Herald* (May 24) devoted a double-headed leader to denunciation of Reuter's Agency for cabling to Europe that that great paper was about to be "turned into a joint-stock company" with the capital stock at two million dollars. "This report," said the *Herald*, "is absolutely without foundation, and, as the ridiculous purchase price mentioned, shows obvious malice." Reuter's Agency is warned to contradict its untruthful cablegram. The article then proceeded to show how the *Herald* was and is worth at least twenty million dollars. Of course it is.

But what has that fact to do with its statement that Reuter's cablegram was "absolutely without foundation"? The very day Mr. Bennett sailed away for Europe Mr. John Townshend, the amiable and erudite legal adviser of the *Herald*, allowed himself to make this statement in an interview with a *Sun* reporter:

"Speaking from my knowledge of the matter, I should say it

would be about \$2,000,000. The *Herald* property is worth every cent of that, and I think that will be the sum named. I think the shares will be \$100, making 20,000 shares in all. Mr. Bennett will hold at least \$1,800,000 worth of the stock, or 18,000 shares."

Wasn't this sufficient foundation for Reuter's cablegram? If not, why not? Mr. Townshend is a most careful man, who is not in the habit of saying rash things, and Reuter, in common with all our own papers, was certainly justified in accepting as reliable information anything coming from such a source.

It is to be noticed also that Reuter did not give two millions as "the purchase price," but as the amount of the capital stock. Mr. Townshend remarked that "the *Herald* property is worth every cent of that." We should think so, indeed. He also said that Mr. Bennett was, perhaps, a little "precipitate." We should think so, too, when he took the great name from the great paper. Again, rather precipitate in warning Reuter to contradict a report founded on information from his own trusted and careful legal representative. But what a tempest in a teapot!

PRINCE BISMARCK is in poor health, and is unable to work upon his memoirs.

THE Chinese Six Companies have collected a half million dollars from the Chinese to resist the Geary Law.

BESIDES guarding against cholera it will be necessary to keep out yellow fever, which is epidemic in Rio Janeiro.

As usual with our Southern neighbors, the revolutionists have triumphed in Nicaragua, and President Sacaza will soon be in retirement plotting against the new regime.

CANADA is remarkably free from bank failures at present; perhaps because our neighbors across the border are letting promoters and syndicates do their own promoting with their own money.

If failures continue at the present rate and business does not pick up soon throughout the country, the people will have to walk to the World's Fair to get some money to come home and live on next winter.

A BILL to re-enact capital punishment has passed one branch of the Michigan Legislature, and eight hundred people of Cornua, in that State, forestalled further legislative action by tearing an identified murderer to pieces on the 22d inst.

EMIL ARTON, arch-briber in the Panama scandals, has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, to loss of civil rights for five years, and the payment of a fine of four hundred thousand francs. He began life as a heavy professional debtor in the fast life of Paris, and seems to be in a rather tight place at the end.

THE iceman of the Columbian year has developed into a shrewd and aggravating twister of logic. After the severe winter, we are told, there is plenty of ice; but it was so thick during the harvesting season that it cost more to saw it and transport it; hence the price is way up. Thick or thin, the iceman has us and the ice.

JUST why the aristocratic mob of Tory dukes, half-pay officers, duchesses, earls and countesses hissed Mr. Gladstone and called him "traitor" at the Imperial Institute the other day is explained at last. The buffet was nine hundred feet long, drinks were served free all night, and went to the heads of nobility and toady alike.

LIABILITIES from recent bank failures in Australia aggregate five hundred million dollars, and though it all happened at the other end of the globe we are scheduled to bear a part of the resultant distress, for the reason that English banks feel it and American banks are expected to feel what they feel. The feeling is far-fetched, to say the least.

CHIEF C. J. HARRIS of the Cherokee Nation has been in New York trying to raise six million dollars, offering as collateral the eight million dollars balance due on land bought from them by the Government. Money is tight in Wall Street just now, but not half so tight as some of the Cherokee Nation will be if they lay their hands on that six million dollars.

THE Center or Catholic party in the Reichstag have joined the opponents of the Army Bill, and that measure is doomed, unless the emperor succeeds in arousing the German people by means of a plausible alarm at French and Russian armaments. The Kaiser has his fighting uniform on, the wave of popular resistance to one-man power is sweeping over Germany, and militarism will die hard. The peace of Europe is threatened.

THE year 1892 was one of the worst years ever known in the iron and steel industries of Great Britain. Attention will be directed at once to the building of railroads in India and to the development of the resources of that country. It is in order now for us to devote all our energies to the development of our new States and Territories, and to cultivating closer commercial relations with South America. The development of India, forced at last upon Great Britain as a commercial and industrial necessity, will mean a short Old World market for us.

KATE FIELD, who is making her *Washington* one of the brightest of the weeklies, tells in a late number how a certain reporter, being unable to get inside the Blaine mansion to get facts about the last moments of the lamented ex-Secretary of State, turned express assistant and helped the men to carry some trunks into the hall. The reporter was a college graduate, and received from Miss Hattie Blaine two twenty-five cent pieces as he left the house. He gave one to the expressman and kept the other as a souvenir.

ON the question of pension-purging, the Noah L. Farnham Post, No. 458, G. A. R., of New York, has been cut off from the parent body and is now the Noah L. Farnham Independent Veterans Association No. 1. The offending post adopted resolutions strongly denouncing fraudulent pensions and dishonest pension agents, and intimating that a very large percentage of pensions are at present

unworthily bestowed. This last statement calls, of course, for proof. It is not very complimentary to the G. A. R., and the *Farham Post* is in a more fitting place now, as No. 1, than when it was No. 458, G. A. R. Posts, like individuals, are entitled to their proper places as well as to their opinions.

The Geary Law is constitutional, and would be practicable if it were not for two opposing forces; viz., the Chinese themselves and the learned lawyers who are looking for a big harvest of fees. There is and can be no law against Chinese ingenuity and lawyers' obstructions. We are likely to pay out a great deal of good money for a very few bona fide cases of deportation.

"ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY."

Nothing seems easier than to publish books, if some one has the proper inclination and capital. Clever authors abound, and almost any one of them can be persuaded to write just one more book, if the inducements are offered in the shape of greenbacks. Printers and binders compete for the work of putting the manuscript into commercial form, newspapers insist upon advertising it, and some of them commend it in their literary columns.

Yet, after all this has been done, the book sometimes fails to sell, and great is the disgust of both publisher and author; for did not each do his best? Frequently each blames the other for the failure; the publisher thinks if the book were all it should be it could not fail to sell, while the author contends that a book can't make its way alone nowadays—it must be forced, literally forced, upon the attention of the public.

Ah, that public!—there's the rub. "You may lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." The portion of the public that really likes to read has been fooled so many times by publishers' advertisements and other statements about books that it now buys cautiously. The public has learned, too, that tastes differ, and that it does not follow, because a publisher's literary adviser has pronounced a manuscript artistic, brilliant and extremely interesting, that it is the sort of thing any man may enjoy and take home to his family. Nowadays a family man samples stories as carefully as if they were plays, and for the same reason. Many serpents have glided between attractive book-covers into homes.

It is to the lasting credit and honor of the proprietor of *ONCE A WEEK* that he has, with his *ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY*, overcome the greater difficulties which beset author, publisher and reader. Gladly though the author receives the price agreed upon for his book, he yet yearns for other and different compensation; he wants to know that his book is largely printed, and that it gets into the hands of the people. Well, that is just what he is assured of when it appears in *ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY*, for the original edition is about a quarter of a million copies, and not one of them gathers dust on booksellers' shelves—the entire number goes directly into the hands of readers. As for the publisher, he has no need to call special attention to a new book, or even to think of it after it is issued; the consumption of the entire edition—though it be the largest single edition ever published—is assured before a page is printed, so there is no anxiety as to how it will sell, or as to how many copies may come back as "dead stock."

The reader, being a subscriber to *ONCE A WEEK*, has a mind entirely at ease regarding his family's reading matter for the year. As to quantity, he knows that he will have a book every two weeks as regularly as the proper mail-day comes round; better, he knows that whatever reaches him from this source will be above suspicion in point of morals. If he has long been a subscriber, he knows that among the hundreds of books sent out by *ONCE A WEEK* there has not been one containing sentiments, scenes or suggestions to which any parent could object. He knows, too, that this cleanliness has been secured without detriment to plot, or brilliancy of narration, or any thing else which rightly makes stories attractive. While some publishers have been competing for stories best described as "just a trifle risky," *ONCE A WEEK*, with a larger clientele of readers than all other publishers of fiction combined, has discovered by its rapidly increasing subscription list that the great body of the people are clean of heart, want their fiction clean, and are glad to have found some one upon whom to rely for books which need not be examined by the head of a family before "left lying around."

Another notable result of the instituting of this library has been the encouragement which has come to American authors, whether of established reputation or just venturing into literature. No writer can hope for higher inspiration than the knowledge that his book will be placed in a quarter of a million homes, and before at least a million readers—a reception such as none of the intellectual giants of the last generation ever dreamed of. So some of the best work of noted American authors has appeared in this series, being written specially for it. But the editor has never placed his entire dependence upon names; being assured in advance of his readers, he has been more concerned about the quality of what he should give than the names of those who might write it, so some wholly admirable tales in this library are by writers whose names were here printed for the first time. No good story has been lost through lack of attention, nor has one which was bad in any sense been used, no matter how "taking" the author's name or how friendly his relations with the editor and publisher. Native talent has done much complaining, in recent years, of foreign competition; but *ONCE A WEEK* has satisfied the literary profession that here is one place where between two tales of equal merit the decision is always in favor of home talent over anything from the other side of the Atlantic.

Publishing is a business, not a benevolence. People expect to pay for what they read, and are entirely willing that publishers shall make living profits. Still, in view of all the facts stated above, and stated very mildly too, it must appear that the founder and manager of *ONCE A WEEK* deserves a high place on the roll of American benefactors.

JOHN HARBERTON.



YOICKS! Tally-ho! Bravo! Bravissimo! I mean the shout for Longstride, the great Irish Hunter, as a matter of course. Longstride, the property of the Monmouth County Hunt, who the other day at Hollywood, Long Branch, made the second greatest leap on record—a clear thirty-four foot leap from bank to bank, across the pond built in the center of the superb grounds of the late and lamented good fellow, John Hoey. It happened in a most unexpected manner. The horses, without riders, and numbering twelve all told, started toward the pond, bounding forward at full speed to the pond's edge. All strained and jumped, but Longstride alone landed high and dry on the other side, clearing the thirty-four feet in grand style, while every one of his companions fell short, splashing into the water at different distances. This is exactly one foot behind Birdcatcher, who still remains with the longest jump on record to his credit.

Poor genial, warm-hearted, John Hoey! How he would have delighted in such a feat! Probably, when he had the famous pond constructed for the beautiful swans, no longer to be seen at Hollywood, he little dreamed it would ever be the scene of one of the most famous leaps on record, by one of the finest of hunters. Anthony Trollope would have made such an event the central situation in a three-volume novel. It was a jump that the author of "Ask Mamma" would not have wearied of yet, one that you yourself would give your head to have seen.

There is an advantage in being imperial, and, were universal suffrage centered in the writer, that thoroughbred should be President and king of Hawaii, too. Did not Caligula make his horse Incitatus a consul? Surely he might easily have been more deserving than the rest. And what honors might not be paid to a horse like Longstride? What, indeed!

Talking of which, hunting may mean one thing and it may mean another. It all depends on yourself. You may clear obstacles that you would not meet in a steeple-chase, or you may jog along as uneventfully as you do in the Park. To hunt is all very well—nothing, in fact, could be better; but to risk collarbone and compound fractures by jumping ugly places is a tune from a different guitar. Let it be supposed that the fox has been "viewed away," that the hounds are running, that the shrill treble of the whip is ringing in your ears, what is it that usually occurs? It is not the case, as "bounders" are pleased to believe, that the entire field make straight for anything short of a haystack that may stand in the way. No, a fraction right; one or two may clear a hedge, half a dozen charge a flight of rails which the fourth man is apt to break—leaving an easy task for the fifth, who is usually looking out for something of the kind, and also for the sixth, who may not have intended to jump anything at all. Thereupon, a few others, seeing how things are, take prompt advantage of that broken fence, over which, mayhap, one of them falls and a loose horse careers away.

Manifestly then, it will depend on yourself how you hunt or whether, indeed, you hunt at all. Trollope wrote a smart little paper on "The Man who Hunts and Doesn't Like It," describing the earnest but ineffectual attempts of a gentleman to be enthusiastic over what he hated. As for Trollope himself, he hunted and liked it—hunted and liked it, too, in every shire in England and every county in Ireland also. "Now, I think I have finished," he is rumored to have exclaimed, as he got himself out of a ditch and prepared to take measures for the extraction of his horse.

"Finished what?" a friend who had pulled up inquired.

"The ditches of Essex," he replied. "I have felt the bottom of so many that this must be the last."

If, then, you like the sport but hate the tumbles, a neat trick is to imitate Mr. Jorrocks, who contented himself with dreaming of the chase, who saw phantom foxes sitting on the counterpane, who had nightmares of terrible coppers, sixteen-hand horses spread over him like blankets, and who would awake with a shout, "I'm done for! Vere's the brandy?"

Another topic of the hour concerns the recent action for divorce between two very well known and otherwise charming people. Of the facts in the case nothing here need be said. For facts of that kind may well be left to gossips and the reporters. Besides, facts are fallacious, and any one whom you may at any time be anxious to condemn may also be but an injured innocent. Besides, divorce is the mother-in-law of invention. When a lady has set her heart on having one, the offense she can allege would defy a codifier.

Appropos to which a quaint little tale is current. A lady applied to an attorney to sever the ties which bound her to her mate.

"What grounds of complaint have you?" the attorney asked, after he had pocketed the retainer. "Has he bestowed his affection elsewhere?"

"I should just like to catch him at it," the lady, a little tartly, replied.

"What is it, then? Does he beat you?"

"Of course not," the lady snapped back.

"Ever called you bad names?"

"H'm—I don't know. He called me a goose once."

"What kind of a goose? A goose in purgatory?"

"No. Nothing but a plain goose."

"Well," said the attorney, "why is it that you wish to separate?"

"He never kisses me." The lady answered with eyes cast down.

"How long have you been married?"

"Thirty-three years, next June."
"And do you mean to tell me, madam, that during all that time he has never kissed you once?"
The lady flushed indignantly.

"No, sir; I mean nothing of the sort. I mean that he has stopped."

"Oh! And how long ago was that?"

The lady made no answer.

"Was it last year?" the attorney asked.

No reply.

"Or the year before? Come, I know it is painful, but try to tell me."

The lady again looked down, and, in a little low voice which a sob rendered hardly audible, murmured:

"Yesterday."

Where is the jury that would refuse a verdict to a plaintiff with a grievance such as that?

In literary circles much comment has been caused by the offer of the laureateship to Mr. Ruskin, and a little wonder has been expressed concerning that gentleman's titles to recognition. He has two: a conception of art which is mediæval in its absurdity, and a hitherto unshared belief in his own importance. These are his titles to fame. As to his poetic abilities—and nowadays any one who avoids such rhymes as *chaste* and *chased* may readily claim to possess them—they are not bewildering. Mr. Ruskin is a poet of the fourth class, who sometimes rises into the third, never into the second. His prose is admirable, it is pure and limpid, and his doctrine of "Sesame and Lilies" has charmed us all. But because his sentences are neat and unaffected, because he has a handful of ladylike enthusiasms, these things seem hardly sufficient to land him where Tennyson stood. And yet again they may be. A few years ago when the question of the future laureateship was first agitated, mention was not infrequently made of Lord Roslyn, an amiable peer who wrote jingles of the school-girl order. "But why should he get it?" the writer asked. "He lives on very good terms with his wife," was the answer. "And that pleases the queen."

No poet in England should accept the honor until it has been offered to and declined by Swinburne, than whom no mightier-mouthed inventor of harmonies has sung to English ears. It should be the same thing there that it is in Paris. The French mandarinade is election to the Academy. When a great poet, Leconte de Lisle was blackballed there, the other poets of France refused to be candidates, and continued to refuse until their recognized master was elected. Swinburne, whatever may be said about him personally, whatever may be advanced concerning the tendencies of certain of his works, is none the less so admittedly England's one great singer that Mr. Ruskin, though not a poet, might at least show a poet's grace—and decline.

The French Academy is, as may be fancied from what has gone before, a sort of extra-exclusive club. The membership is limited to forty, and these—the Immortals, as they are called—are supposed to represent the pick of letters and science. That they don't is sad but true. They would not have Molière, they would not have Balzac, and between those two giants is a galaxy of rejected yet famous names. To cite one of a hundred there is Baudelaire. Of course, to be a member there must be a vacancy, and for there to be a vacancy there must have been a death. Now, it is customary, nay, obligatory, on a candidate to make a personal and ceremonious visit on each one of the elect. These visits Baudelaire undertook to make. His first call was on a gouty old gentleman who cared little for poetry, less for Baudelaire, and who showed his dislikes very plainly. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, with that peevish air which gouty old gentlemen have, "Dear me! and so you are a candidate, are you? But, bless my soul, there must be a vacancy. Whose place do you aspire to fill?"

Baudelaire for a moment glared at the poor old man, and then, in a voice that a murderer might use, hissed "Yours."

That Baudelaire was not elected goes without phrases. But then he was not predestined. Gautier had a theory that to be a member of the Academy was simply and solely a matter of fate. "There is no need to do anything," he would say. "And so far as the writing of books is concerned that is entirely useless. A man is born an Academician as he is born a soldier or a cook. He can abuse the Academy in a dozen pamphlets, if it amuses him, and be elected all the same; but if he is not predestined, three hundred volumes and ten masterpieces, recognized as such by the genuflections of an adoring universe, and even by the Academy itself, will not aid him to open its doors." Neither Gautier nor Balzac were predestined, but then, as has been noted, neither was Molière, and there must have been some consolation for them in that.

Appropos to that trip to Chicago, it is rumored that the prices out there are making the visitor shriek with terror. But at a Fair who ever expected fair prices? If you have imagined you can do the whole thing on a hundred, take three hundred and see how much you will bring home. It was the same thing at the Paris Exposition. They had prices there which would have made a mad dog blush with indignation. It always is the same thing, and always will be until mankind grows wise enough not to be stupid and fairs have ceased to be. At the Paris Exposition a visitor ordered some strawberries. He was served with twelve, and when the bill came they were marked four dollars. He paid, however, and was about to flee when a minion approached:

"You have forgotten the waiter, sir."

"Forgotten you!" cried the visitor in his anguish, "forgotten you! Why, not a bit. See, I have left you a strawberry."

Edgar Allan Poe

NAVAL INVITATIONS.

WHEN the first squadron of the new navy came together and sailed out of this port almost four years ago, it attracted more attention than any gathering of our warships since the days of the Civil War. The ships were not only new types, but they were among the best of their kind, and were fitted with powerful modern batteries and the very latest of mechanical appliances. Wherever they went they were visited by crowds of people, who were filled

with curiosity to see what novelties in devices the ingenious Yankees had fitted to their new cruisers. Their first port after leaving here was Boston, from which they went to Europe and then to South America, but always to meet a most generous and lavish hospitality. Dinners, routes and lunches were given in honor of the officers, who, in turn, entertained their visitors in that generous way for which our navy has for years been proverbial. A result of this interchange of courtesies has been a collection of

invitations and menu cards of great variety in artistic design, as well as covering a wide range of markets, as the products of countries bordering on the North and South Atlantic and the Mediterranean were discussed at the various entertainments.

Boston set the pace by giving the naval representatives a rousing reception and a series of dinners which embraced all the delicacies of the autumn season, served in a style for which the modern Athens is famous, with the tempting menus, as a general rule, made out in good, plain

guished foreign residents, as well as prominent Brazilians belong, issued invitations on very appropriately designed cards, whose chief characteristics partake so largely of the English that it is quite easy to imagine from whence the club's name originates. The neat card of the Brazilian man-of-war *Riachuelo* needs hardly any reference, except that the pennant forming the R is in blue with a star in gold for each of the Brazilian States, and the E, which stands for a word corresponding to our word iron-clad, is in gold and of the shape of Neptune's tridents;



with curiosity to see what novelties in devices the ingenious Yankees had fitted to their new cruisers. Their first port after leaving here was Boston, from which they went to Europe and then to South America, but always to meet a most generous and lavish hospitality. Dinners, routes and lunches were given in honor of the officers, who, in turn, entertained their visitors in that generous way for which our navy has for years been proverbial. A result of this interchange of courtesies has been a collection of

English; so that, when the officers from the brand new ships were helped to beans, there was no attempt made to disguise with borrowed name the fact that right there before them, in most tempting form, lay the famous product of the Hub. The dinner cards were tastefully decorated with colored ribbons, and emblazoned with anchors, admirals' flags, and other insignia dear to a navy man's heart.

The Derby Club in Brazil, to which a number of distin-

while the staff supporting the two is simply the flag-staff from which the "coach-whip" is supposed to be flying. This reception, although given on board the warship, was in the name of the Minister of Marine, as well as that of the naval officers.

General Benjamin Constant, Minister of Public Instruction, gave a grand picnic which was distinguished by unbounded hospitality and courtesy, and marked by expressions of sentiment and enthusiasm, in which the Brazil-

mans, in every possible manner, sought to show their respect and admiration for this country. The menu was printed on a green colored card, which is the color of Brazil, and a glance at the good things that it contains shows that South America has command of all the delicacies of the season, and can get up as tempting a bill of fare as can be found anywhere in the world. "Filet de bœuf à la republicaine" and "Pouding à l'Américaine," whatever they may be, have the correct sound, and show a fine discrimination for what was probably supposed to be tempting and appealing to the palates of the guests.

Some months later in this same year, 1891, when Admiral Balthazar da Silveira, commanding a Brazilian squadron, visited this country he was entertained at a dinner at which Admiral Walker was selected to represent the President of the United States. The dinner cards contained, in addition to a relishing lot of dishes on the menu, a list of music played during the banquet and the names of the guests in the order in which they sat at table, while the outside card showed the Brazilian and United States colors appropriately blended together.

The Pickwick Club of New Orleans issues cards of invitation containing a figure which represents Mr. Pickwick with right hand under his coat-tails while his left is extended in easy grace, as though he were about to usher his guests to his board to partake of bountiful hospitality.

The French ship *Naiade* presents its menu on a very



"SEMIRAMIS"

"Afterward Queen of Assyria. She was exposed in a desert; but her life was preserved by doves for one whole year."

tastefully designed card, carrying in one corner the word menu, which supports a tackle, the letter M being a portion of the rope that is run through the blocks. In the other corner is the crest, which is formed by grouping half a dozen flags about an anchor, while in the center is a shell fired from a gun and about to explode. Two stars over this show that the vessel is the flagship of a rear-admiral, while in a scroll below is the vessel's name. The music programme accompanying this has for its chief fig-

ure a sailor of to-day, carrying an old-time two-handed battle-ax.

The *Arethuse* card has an admirably executed pen-and-ink sketch of the ship at the top of the card, with an anchor and two stars for the rear-admiral, while the group of men on the dance card represents a detachment of the crew who have recently been paid off, and, with their bag of clothing on their backs, are bound for shore and a few weeks' frolic.

RAPID transit and the bicycle bid fair to abolish the street car and roadster horse; but many an honest, hard-working horse that works for two meals a day and a bag on its nose for lunch is still in the hands of the individual who spends half his time dodging the S. P. C. A.

THE small boy and others can not be prevented from taking free baths in the summer, nor should they be prevented; therefore let the city provide free public swimming baths. Science has proved long ago that a city full of oft-bathed people is more easy to govern than the other kind.

THE BIG MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMPS.

AT this season the vast pine forests of Michigan are the scenes of busiest activity. With the coming of the Spring all the smaller streams will be bursting their banks and go roaring to the Great Lakes. This offers the long-awaited opportunity to the lumbermen to raft their immense booms of logs to the distant markets.

The life of the Michigan lumber-worker is at once severe, rude, picturesque—and happy. The men are inured to privation, live constantly in the open, and, for the most



SAWING DOWN A TALL NORWAY PINE.

part, are peaceable, intelligent aides, toiling for the up-building of themselves and the nation. Their season is a short one, consequently they work long hours, from sunrise to sunset, hewing, sawing, toting, and rafting, cheering the hours with song, and with the occasional diversion of a bear hunt in the woods.



A LUMBER CAMP.



SAWING INTO LOG LENGTHS.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Fair will undoubtedly be the grand reproduction of the Michigan lumber industry, with all the circumstance of life in the pine forests. President Palmer, of the World's Fair, takes a special interest in this matter, being widely known and successful in lumbering operations extending over many years. Recently a Commission appointed by the World's Fair, accompanied by E. H. Husher and aides,



A BIG LOAD OF LOGS.

photographers, made a tour of the Michigan forest industries, securing many typical scenes and incidents illustrative of life in Wolverine lumber camps, to be used as part of Michigan's forestry exhibit at the Fair.

The pictures here given form some of the more interesting obtained during the tour of the Commission. They tell their own story. The giant load of logs is drawn by a pair of Mr. Palmer's percherons. Some idea of the size of the logs may be gained when it is known that they are bound together by one thousand four hundred feet of chain! In the Michigan forests chopping is considered out of date. The great Norway pines are sawed down nowadays, as shown in the illustration. The lumber workers wear

coarse, gaudy clothes, made of stuffs something akin, in texture, to horse-blankets—conspicuous red, green, purple, set off with a bright sash, adding much to the picturesque of the costume. Every one will appreciate the scene at the supper-table, in the messhouse. The men are eating pork and beans, beef, pie, and other good things, and have a quiet little way of making things disappear, in a fashion that would horrify your veteran New York City landlady, who certainly would never think of taking such lusty fellows to board. Sometimes, though, the men eat dinner outdoors, as given in the illustration. The bugler, sitting to the left, has the agreeable task of sound-



TOTING OR SKIDDING.

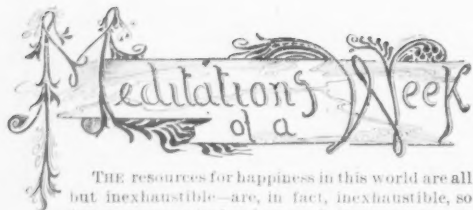
ing the dinner-horn. Toting, hauling and skidding the logs form an important feature of the industry. The scene around headquarters, with one of the boys sounding the dinner-horn, is admirably depicted.

There is plenty of rough, hard work to be done in a lumber camp. This industry is one of the most important in the United States, and Michigan is easily a leader.

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.



SUPPER IN THE CAMP.



THE resources for happiness in this world are all but inexhaustible—are, in fact, inexhaustible, so far as any particular human being is concerned. We are only beginning to realize this fact. Hitherto, we have been practically "provincial"; our knowledge and interests have been confined to relatively minute areas, mental and material. The great majority of us, consequently, live and die without knowing what best suits us. Seeing and knowing only a few things, the odds are against our coming in contact with the things best calculated to please us, and to draw forth our latent capacities and resources. We are forced by circumstance to content ourselves with the second, or the tenth, or the ten thousandth best, instead of luxuriating and expanding in the very best itself. Consequently, we leave this life only partially developed, and enter the next so much less adequately equipped to avail ourselves of its infinite possibilities.

Happiness is a vague term. But I am not here referring to the profounder enjoyments and satisfactions of the soul, which belong to the essentially moral and religious regions, and have their origin in the domain of pure altruism. Happiness of this kind is at once the highest and the most catholic of any; it is not hampered by mortal conditions, and it may be had by any sincere purchaser, no matter how small his worldly capital. But my query, just now, is restricted to that class of aesthetic and intellectual pleasures which the things of this world can afford, and the pursuit and assimilation of which constitute what is called culture. The argument is this: The more a person knows of this planet, its inhabitants, its conditions, its qualities, its beauties, its lights and shadows and prophetic vistas, the happier will he be; because thereby the danger of falling into that state of unhappiness which is the result of having no treasures of agreeable thought or occupation, is by so much diminished.

Our world is none too large; and yet, rightly used, it is large enough. In short, it is just our size: we and it are made to scale; our environment precisely fits us. That is to say, it will fit us, when we learn how to put it on and to wear it. At present, it hangs about us in loose and awkward folds: it is the giant's robe which awaits our growth to those giant proportions that, as potential images of the Creator, we are surely destined to attain. And the fact that we realize this is itself a growth of no mean significance. It is, historically, quite a recent discovery. There may, perhaps, always have existed an esoteric doctrine, whereof a chosen few were the Initiates, which taught the true relations between man and his universe: we hear twilight traditions of such in the legends of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Essenes, the Rosicrucians, the Free Masons, and, just at this moment, the Theosophists. And possibly this esoteric doctrine itself may be derived from an ancient science or system of knowledge, the origin and extent of which is lost in the shadows of time. Indications of such an early enlightened state of mankind are not wanting here and there. There are grounds for believing in a past Golden Age, when man's intelligence and his control over nature were so vast as to seem to us godlike. The Biblical story of the Garden of Eden may be a parable of this state of pre-historic nature; and the Deluge, of that drowning of the higher life in vices and impieties which reduced man from divinity to barbarism. The problem of the so-called Pyramid of Cheops cannot be solved save on the hypothesis of the possession by its builders of a science not only beyond all measure greater than that of their contemporaries, but which we ourselves are still impotent to rival. But it is needless to dilate on this theme. Whatever may have been the case in the past, it is obvious to-day that the entire movement of human mind and energy is toward obtaining the mastery over nature. The more conspicuous part of the attack is being carried on by science in its various forms; but a collateral advance, not outwardly visible, is being made on the spiritual plane, which will probably be successful just in such measure as it is sincere and in pure faith. These tales of Mahatmas and their marvels which we hear from the lips of our theosophic friends, not to mention the actual phenomena of hypnosis and spiritism, are at least indicative of a tendency; and when a body of philosophers arise, broad enough to combine the two methods—the inductive and the intuitional—we may expect to advance at a rate which would now seem chimerical.

Meanwhile, such enterprises as this World's Fair at Chicago are of high interest and value. The recent increased and increasing facilities of travel and communication are doing much to bring the main features of human life and its conditions within the scope of individual knowledge; and the Fair helps to make this knowledge concrete and practical. There is nothing like seeing and touching to enable the average mind to realize and believe the things which had appeared vague and incredible in the report; and the Fair is large enough and broad enough in its scope to keep the average visitor busy with all his senses during the six months of its continuance. Of course, the more one knows to begin with, the more will he find in the Fair, and the finer will be the education he will derive therefrom. But the least instructed barbarian, however brief and purblind his sojourn, cannot but carry away new and good ideas, which will germinate and fructify in due season. And this proves how much culture depends on mere opportunity. When, by means of the devices for telescopic, teleaudient, and telepathic perception, which are now in their primitive stage of development, the need of World's Fairs no longer exists, because the world will be present

at every man's fireside, whenever he chooses to "touch the button," we shall be astonished at the rapidity of our increase in wisdom, and in legitimate enjoyment of life. The World's Fair itself will doubtless do something to hasten this delightful consummation.

That feature of the Fair which is first observed, and must always remain the most conspicuous, is the architectural spectacle which it presents. Nothing to compare with that spectacle has ever hitherto been seen in any age or country; and in contemplating it other things recede and are forgotten. We declare that nothing that can possibly be put into these buildings can rival in charm and interest the buildings themselves. Nevertheless, when we proceed to an examination of the exhibits, we are presently forced to admit that this judgment was rash and premature.

The buildings and their arrangement remain as beautiful as ever. But the exhibits, considered in the aggregate, finally reveal a beauty of another kind, but just as real and permanent as the other. It is the beauty of multifarious use. Here are specimens of the product of the whole range of human industry. The stupendousness of the result may be confusing at first; but it gradually classifies itself into parts, and these parts group themselves in their order, until at last—if one have time and a reasonable sympathetic faculty—the outlines of the marvelous pattern of the world's work stand revealed. One recognizes it with exhilaration and a consciousness of increased personal power. If man has done so much, what may he not do? Beginning with his bare hands, and the crude materials of the planet, he has attained to this. His rate of progress, profiting by all that it has attained, increases in geometrical ratio. At what point shall we find it a century—four centuries—from now?

Nature, and mankind, never disappoint expectation, as the individual constantly does. We were considering the reverse of the medal a week or two ago—how much the present representative of our traditional Columbus does (and inevitably must) fall below our ideal of him. But the universe, and the future of our race, transcend any ideal that imagination or calculation can form. The Columbus of 1895 is warped by the shadow of him of 1492. But the America of 1895 yet more dwarfs the wildest anticipations of the men who first saw its shores four centuries ago.

There is one part of the Fair which naturally separates itself in thought from the rest, and is physically distinguished from it. Yet, without it, the Fair would be incomplete; and I might almost say that I could better spare the rest than this. It is true that it is not nearly so perfect as it might have been; and it may be expected that future fairs will pay special attention to improving it. Such as it is, however, it is interesting and fascinating to a high degree; and to judge from surface indications, the people are disposed to take this view of it.

The name given to it, doubtless for lack of a better, is the Midway Plaisance. It is not midway, nor is it, in the original sense of the word, a plaisance; but that matters little. It is a straight street or boulevard a mile in length, lined on either side with imitation villages of foreign peoples, and with separate structures supposed to be ethnologically characteristic. In one inclosure is a life-size model of Blarney Castle, surrounded by a group of Irish cabins; in another is a reproduction of a market-place in old Vienna; elsewhere is a street of Turkish bazaars, with the merchandise of Stamboul and Damascus; and here are concrete representations of the mosques of Cairo, the temples of Thebes, the palaces of Persia, the huts of Dahomey, the burrows of the Esquimaux. I do not speak of a respectable menagerie, with an arena in which unhappy wild beasts appear in various undignified costumes and act; or of numerous cafés, ascribed to various nationalities, but all alike dispensing American refreshments at handsome prices. Likewise, in the middle of the Plaisance, there is a wheel some three or four hundred feet in height; it is, like almost everything else at the Fair, still in process of construction, with hundreds of workmen swarming over it in blood-curdling situations. When it is finished I believe it is to be used as a sort of vertical mammoth merry-go-round. To be swept through space on a journey of so vast a radius will certainly be an experience worth having, especially should one happen to emerge from it alive.

But it is not the imitation villages, or the peep-shows, that render this place fascinating. One can see stage scenery and peep-shows anywhere—and even people dressed in strange costumes. The thing that we cannot see anywhere except here is the real persons to whom the strange costumes properly belong. Here are the genuine Nubians, unspeakable Turks, supple Greeks, dusky Persians, blubbery Esquimaux, dignified Arabs, bushy-pated Dahomeyans, dwarfish Hottentots, whose portraits we see in the school geographies, and whose waxen effigies adorn ethnological museums. Here they stroll and chatter, in their outlandish headgear and footgear, their trouserings, leggings, jackets and sashes, smoking cigarettes of unfamiliar perfume, and staring at us as we stare at them. Here are typical examples of Shem, Ham and Japhet, of whom was the whole earth peopled; not doubtful phenomena of hearsay, but actual flesh and blood—foreign blood, and flesh of all hues save Caucasian white. We may converse with them, if they understand American, and take their hands in ours, if we choose. We can mark their gait, their bearing, their manners; their gestures and expression. All their manifestations are so delightfully different from our own, and yet, like Shylock, they are so profoundly like us in every great human essential. If anything seems more certain than another in the history of mankind, it is true we all of us originally sprang from one root. Then, what amazing changes has environment made, and how more than amazing are the similarities it has left untouched!

We cannot easily exaggerate the value of this sort of experience. To comprehend the diverse races of men we must breathe their atmosphere and see them living their life as they live it at home. Nothing in the way of culture is more invigorating than these atmospheres and the sight



JAMES E. MURDOCH.

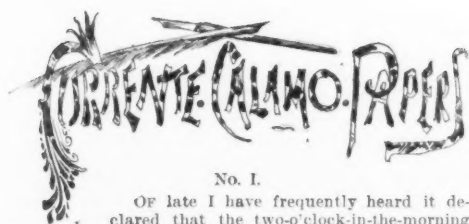
THIS veteran actor, who died on the 19th ult., in the eighty-third year of his age, is little known to the present generation, though forty years ago he was among the foremost ornaments of the American stage. One of the most beautiful of his many declamations was the Lord's Prayer. Many still living remember the wonderful significance to every line and word of "Our Father" as read before crowded audiences by the gifted elocutionist.

of these modes of existence. History is thereby colored and substantiated, and curiosity gives place to sympathy. The world ceases to seem stale and monotonous, and becomes stimulating and picturesque. The products of industry and the achievements of science move our admiration and wonder; but the every-day home aspect and routine of hitherto unknown species of mankind stir a deeper sentiment: they take hold of the emotions and discover unsuspected affinities. Sometimes it seems as if memories of past existences were awakened: these people were once our people; we have wandered from them, and have altered in the lapse of ages; but they have stayed at home and remained unchanged. Was there not a time when we dwelt, naked and tawny, in the jungles of the South Pacific, or wore the turban and the bournous with the Arabs in the desert? Why does the barbarous music that accompanies the body-dancing of these Oriental girls so fascinate our ears, unless because its strangeness was once familiar? I cannot read the Chinese alphabet, or penetrate the mysteries of Joss; but I should not brood over them so anxiously had I not formerly known them with more than the intimacy of a foreigner. No; ethnological variations are but the result of forgetfulness, assisted by climate: it is an illusion, and the charm of reunion is the charm of coming home again.

After all, what are the differences between, say, a Bostonian and an Esquimaux compared with those between either and an inhabitant of the planet Mars? The keyboard of human nature is as limitless as the universe, and this infinitesimal terrestrial octave of ours conveys but the faintest suggestion of the power and volume of the whole. When we have learned all that this earth can teach us we have but begun our education. We must cross the starry paves and become acquainted with beings who will be strangers, indeed, and yet, in the central core, the same as the Tom and Nelly of our own streets and hearths. An epoch will come when there will be a Fair of the Solar System, which our posterity will attend, meeting the inhabitants of Neptune, Jupiter, Venus and the rest; and some speculator, like the present writer, will idly forecast a period when we shall pass the compliments of the day with Orion and gossip with Arcturus.

But we are going too far afield for this trip. Let us be content with the Midway Plaisance for the nonce and leave the Milky Way for a future occasion. You may enjoy a most agreeable sensation, if the day be warm, by taking a fifty-cent round of the lagoons in a real Venetian gondola, with real Italian-speaking gondoliers. The movement is luxurious and gentle, and if it be evening, and there is a banjo aboard and a pair of lovers or so, there is nothing else to ask in the way of mortal gratification. White palaces, snowy bridges, ghostly colonnades and statues, the water gurgling under the keel, and the stars shining overhead; ahead and astern the tall figures of the gondoliers swaying forward and recovering. Ever and anon they exchange a remark with each other, in the tongue of Dante and Ariosto; but, as you draw near your journey's end, they remind you, in comprehensible English, that the padrone gets all the fifty cents, and unless you vouchsafe them an extra ten cents or so they will be unable to do themselves the pleasure of drinking your health. All this is Venetian enough; but we who are not Italian fall into the diversion with great facility, and—with the exception that our boatmen do not stand up to row—feel as if we would have known all about it even had Venice never been heard of. Starlight, music and love on the water are never "provincial," but are probably familiar from here to the Polar Star and back again. Culture begins at the heart, though we are prone to forget this primal and vital truth.

Julian Hawthorne.



No. I.

OF late I have frequently heard it declared that the two-o'clock-in-the-morning conversation which forms a part of the third act of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," is forced and improbable. And yet at certain London clubs and other social gatherings one often hears clever men and women talk very much after this pungent and epigrammatic style. Especially do young literary or artistic Englishmen show marked leaning toward it. It is a mood of mind, a tendency of phrase much in vogue among certain undergraduate sets at Oxford. Often both truth and common-sense are sacrificed to the perpetration of a paradox, and nothing is sillier than the lame efforts, in this direction, of would-be wits and wags.

But Oscar Wilde has always been a master of the art of saying good things. It was in 1881, if I mistake not, when I first made his acquaintance. That kindly and most genial of New York hosts, Mr. John W. Hamersley, had told us, at one of his charming "Friday evenings," that a little after eleven o'clock he expected a visit from Oscar Wilde, who was then lecturing in Williamsburg. Some of us exchanged glances, and thought of the aesthetic Oscar and the highly prosaic Williamsburg as elements rather hard to reconcile. One or two provincial gentlemen left a little before eleven. Provincial persons (and there are always a good many of them in the largest cities) were constantly departing, I afterward found, when Oscar approached. Because he was unconventional, outside their line of thought and action, he became necessarily an object of their avoidance.

Presently Oscar appeared, and I am afraid that he at first startled more than he prepossessed us. The library of Mr. Hamersley (famous but a few years ago, and now only a charming memory) was lined on every side with mirrors. And so we saw not one but many Oscars, and all of them were garbed in black-velvet knee-breeches, all of them wore lace-cuffs falling over their wrists, and an immense white jabot at the breast, and black-silk stockings with big silver buckles. I thought then, as I think now, the self-possession of Oscar Wilde something marvelous. He knew that he was being most critically stared at, no less because of his extraordinary costume than because of his tremendous notoriety, and yet he seated himself in our midst with the most complacent and tranquil air. He began to talk, and at once everybody listened. I must record that there were some persons present who believed the unkindest things about his mental endowments. But before a half-hour had passed he had quietly dissipated all such adverse impressions. For almost any other man this half-hour would have been a trying one. Oscar, with his astonishing self-confidence, did not seem to suffer from the faintest quail of embarrassment. On that occasion, if I remember rightly, he said many shrewd and pointed things. In any case, his great fluency and ease as a conversationalist speedily captivated us all. I distinctly recollect that I felt sorry for the gentlemen who had avoided him by their early departure.

Afterward, during his sojourn in New York, I got to know Oscar Wilde very well indeed. And I soon found that to know him was more and more to admire his exceptional mental powers. I had already got to treasure his poetry, and I would here state that I hold him to be a poet of great and peculiar gifts. His poetry has never been valued according to its true merits. In that one volume of verse that he has published, "The Burden of Itys" and "The Garden of Eros," are productions of splendid eloquence and fire. If he never should print another book of poems, I believe that this one will at some future time receive its proper place in the category of English lyric and imaginative work.

During that first visit to New York he made many warm friends. The truth is, to know and talk with Oscar Wilde has always one distinct meaning—to be amused, stimulated and fascinated. I once said to him: "You should have some one near you while you speak, for you speak things that both you and your listeners must of necessity afterward forget." He answered with a smile, and by no means the smile of vanity so often attributed to him: "Ah, yes; I talk away my best poems."

This is literally true. I shall never forget the exquisite freshness and felicity with which he described his visit to Greece. "How pleasant," he said, "to be in a land whose largest mountains permit you to climb them before luncheon. And then those lovely streams of Greece, with their little, brawling argumentative rapids and cascades!" I have always thought that epithet "argumentative," thus applied, the very essence of blended drollery and poetry.

And this, by the way, is the great secret of Oscar Wilde's enchanting conversation. He is never in the faintest degree coarse, and yet he is acutely witty. At one instant he delights you by a sentence as rich in color and picturesque vividness as a line of Keats; at another he throws you into laughter by a speech as purely funny as anything Mark Twain ever dreamed of at his funniest, and yet wholly native in the piercing acuity of its conception. I do not mean that his humor in the least resembles that of Mark Twain; but he is a master humorist, nevertheless, and to those who know him well all the stinging and entertaining *jeux d'esprit* of "Lady Windermere's Fan" are but the most ordinary consequence of meeting him intimately from day to day.

Again in 1883 Oscar Wilde came here, but this time not to lecture in Louis Quatorze garb on Ruskinian themes. His purpose was the superintendence of a play called "Vera," a very serious production indeed, with a strongly dramatic Russian subject. Brought out at the Union

Square Theater on one of the hottest August nights ever known to our metropolitan thermometer—a night when palm-leaf fans were sold to a panting audience at twenty-five cents apiece—"Vera" somewhat disastrously failed. Yet I have always thought that the play contained much excellent material, and that the poverty of talent shown by its actors, combined with the agonizing state of the weather, went far toward effecting its popular defeat. Oscar bore his rebuff with philosophic calm. I do not recall hearing the least unamiable remark leave his lips. It was after one of the rehearsals of "Vera," and while we were walking up Fifth Avenue together, that he said to me, perhaps apropos of the triumph which he believed to be awaiting him:

"I find that worship is very essential to me as a matter of every-day experience. Have you not found that it is the same with yourself?"

"Worship?" I laughed. "Decidedly I have found nothing of the sort, since I have never got any and never expect to be so honored."

"I must have worship, for my part," replied Oscar, with that perfect sobriety of countenance which made him often so irresistibly droll. "Yes, yes; in that respect I agree so entirely with God Almighty."

To have heard him say this was to shout with laughter, as I am sure that I did. And yet certain people to whom I told it pursed their lips and refused to see in it a gleam of that peculiar humor which has recently convulsed both London and New York. But Oscar has conquered his detractors at last. They may not grant that he is a poet, and they may still sneer (most unjustly) at his powers as a dramatist. But they all are forced to admit that he is a maker of scintillant and unique witticisms. A little later I mentioned to him the fact that he no longer wore his hair long, as he had done during his previous visit to America.

"Yes," he murmured, quite true, "I had my hair cut, and two continents talked about it." Again I urged against him the charge of having been inconsistent in some judgment or opinion. "Consistency?" he replied. "My dear fellow, always bear in mind that consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative."

The play "Guido Ferranti," which poor Lawrence Barrett produced at the Broadway Theater only a few months before his untimely death, was originally written by Oscar for Mary Anderson, and originally named "The Duchess of Padua." I saw and still retain one of the first unaltered copies of this work. It is, in its primal state, a composition of great power and beauty. It was never positively a failure, though Oscar has probably realized that efforts like "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "A Woman of No Importance" (recently brought out at the London Haymarket Theater) point for him a surer road toward dramatic fame. And he is doubtless right. For although a poet of rich possibilities, he is also a satirist and humorist of rarest force. No one knows the follies of his age more thoroughly; no one can pierce them more tellingly—and, for that matter, no one can review and marshal them before a mirth-shaken auditor with brilliancy more unsparing, realistic and intense.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

HIS RULING STAR.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

EVER since the time, in my infancy, when I remember having been punished by my nurse for a misdemeanor of which I was not guilty, I have realized I was born under an unlucky star. My life has all gone wrong. It has been a series of misunderstandings and failures from beginning to end; yes, literally to the end, for I write these pages to-night from a criminal's cell, with the knowledge that I shall see the light of day on the morrow for the last time. I am to be hanged at sunrise. Yes, I write the terrible words with almost a feeling of joy; for with my execution I pray my troubles may forever be ended.

But they tell me of a hereafter! I have been taught to believe there is something after death—a pleasurable existence for those who lived good lives, and suffering for the evil-doers. Strange as it may sound, written in the cell of a condemned man, I can say, and say truthfully, that my life from my earliest memory has been a blameless one.

My sentence told me that for killing my friend, Louis Elmsmond, I should hang by the neck till dead, dead, dead! The words had a dreadful sound when they fell upon the hush of the court-room. Women sobbed, and men turned their faces away to hide their emotion; but there was probably no one in the crowded room who believed me innocent. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, yet so conclusive that my star must have shone with unusual brilliancy on the night when my friend was murdered.

The case would have seemed complicated and unusual to any one save myself; but, somehow, I looked upon this as a fitting end for a man who had from his cradle known only misfortune.

Louis Elmsmond had been my playmate, my schoolfellow, and in later years my partner in business; but years before the dreadful night about which I write he had laughingly said I brought him ill-luck. He sold his business interests to me and went to India. Yellow gold seemed to roll from his very fingers. In two years he secured great wealth and high social and financial position, while my warehouses in London were in ashes, and I an irretrievable bankrupt. Misfortune, like a dark shadow, followed me in my business, my social and my private life.

How distinctly I remember the dull, foggy morning in London when a postman brought to my dingy lodgings a letter from Louis Elmsmond. It said he had returned to dear old England, and was to be at our old home in Buck-

inghamshire, where he wanted me to come to him. For hours after I received this letter the world seemed filled with sunshine. What mattered it to me if the fog did get into my throat and my eyes, that I had not yet breakfasted, and that my pocketbook was as empty as my larder? My oldest and dearest friend would come to me if I could not reach him. I knew him so well that I felt sure he would not remain many days in England without finding me out.

I never remembered how, but some way during the day I earned a few shillings; but my schemes to reach Buck-inghamshire had failed. Seated in a quiet corner of a little inn in a retired street, I ate my poor evening meal and deplored my fate. Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by a friendly hand which touched my shoulder. Turning, I saw a man whose face had a familiar look, but whose name or personality I could not recall.

"You do not remember me," he said, "nor do I wonder at it. I saw you enter this place and followed you. Years ago I had business transactions with you. I became a bankrupt before you, but owed you a considerable sum of money. You were always so honorable with me that, although the law exempts me, I always meant to pay you."

As my unexpected friend ordered wine and chatted over the past his personality gradually came back to me, but not his name. I could not, try as I might, recall that. At last he arose to go, but before doing so drew a purse of gold from his pocket.

"Here," said he lightly, "are fifty pounds, fresh from the Bank of England. This pays my debt to you, with interest. I am going to America by the next steamer."

He was gone, and I sat stunned by this unexpected good fortune. Had my luck turned? I asked myself. Was my unlucky star, which had hung over me all my life, to be replaced by a brighter and more promising one?

In my exhilaration of spirits I thought so. Vain hope. Little did I realize that the circumstances were weaving evidence about me, and all working toward my ruin. But during that one brief night I was happy. I boarded the first train for Buckinghamshire, and arrived dusty, excited and tired at my native village. The lights gleamed out from the little inn where my friend was to be. What a pleasant meeting there was over the dinner prepared to Louis's ordering. We reviewed the past, and builded castles—such bright castles—for the future. At a late hour we separated for the night, occupying rooms on the same floor, and divided only by folding doors.

Wearied by the journey and excitement of the day, I slept heavily. The sun was high when I was awakened by excited conversation in my friend's room. The startled face of Elmsmond's valet appeared at the folding doors. In a few almost incoherent words he explained as best he could, in his broken English, the tragedy that had been committed. His master had been strangled in the night, and was dead.

Like a vision of second sight my terrible fate seemed then and there to pass before me. In my imagination I heard then the workmen building my gallows as clearly as I hear them now in the courtyard below my cell.

The police were now in my room. I finished dressing mechanically. I felt they would suspect me of this crime. I was the last person to be seen the night before with my dead friend. My dress and appearance were against me.

I was put under arrest, and my room examined. Fatal examination! In my traveling bag they found nearly fifty pounds in gold. The officers looked at me and the money suspiciously.

"The murdered man drew fifty pounds of English gold from the bank yesterday," said the sergeant of police.

"We will take this money."

I was not surprised.

There was a long dreary trial, but I do not know how long it lasted.

Why should the judge and jury have believed my confused story of a man whose name I did not know, paying me money so mysteriously, and under such unnatural circumstances? Why should they believe that I loved Louis Elmsmond better than my own life? That to have spared that life I would willingly have suffered all the agony I was then undergoing? No; there was not one friend in the court-room to come to my aid; they all believed me guilty.

Perhaps some one who reads these pages may, like myself, have been born under an unlucky star; and after I am gone grant to my memory that sympathy which was never mine in life.

ALBERT HARDY.

JUNE.

Now from the elm the oriole flies,
Like a tossed ribbon through the air;
A subtler azure tints the skies,
And miracles no more are rare.

In fields and forests troops of birds
Prolong their rich fugue and refrain;
While sleeker grow the grazing herds,
Touched by the chrism of sun and rain.

Some force of Nature struggled hard
With red and orange, white and blue,
Till all the plain is petal-starred
With carpets Brussels never knew.

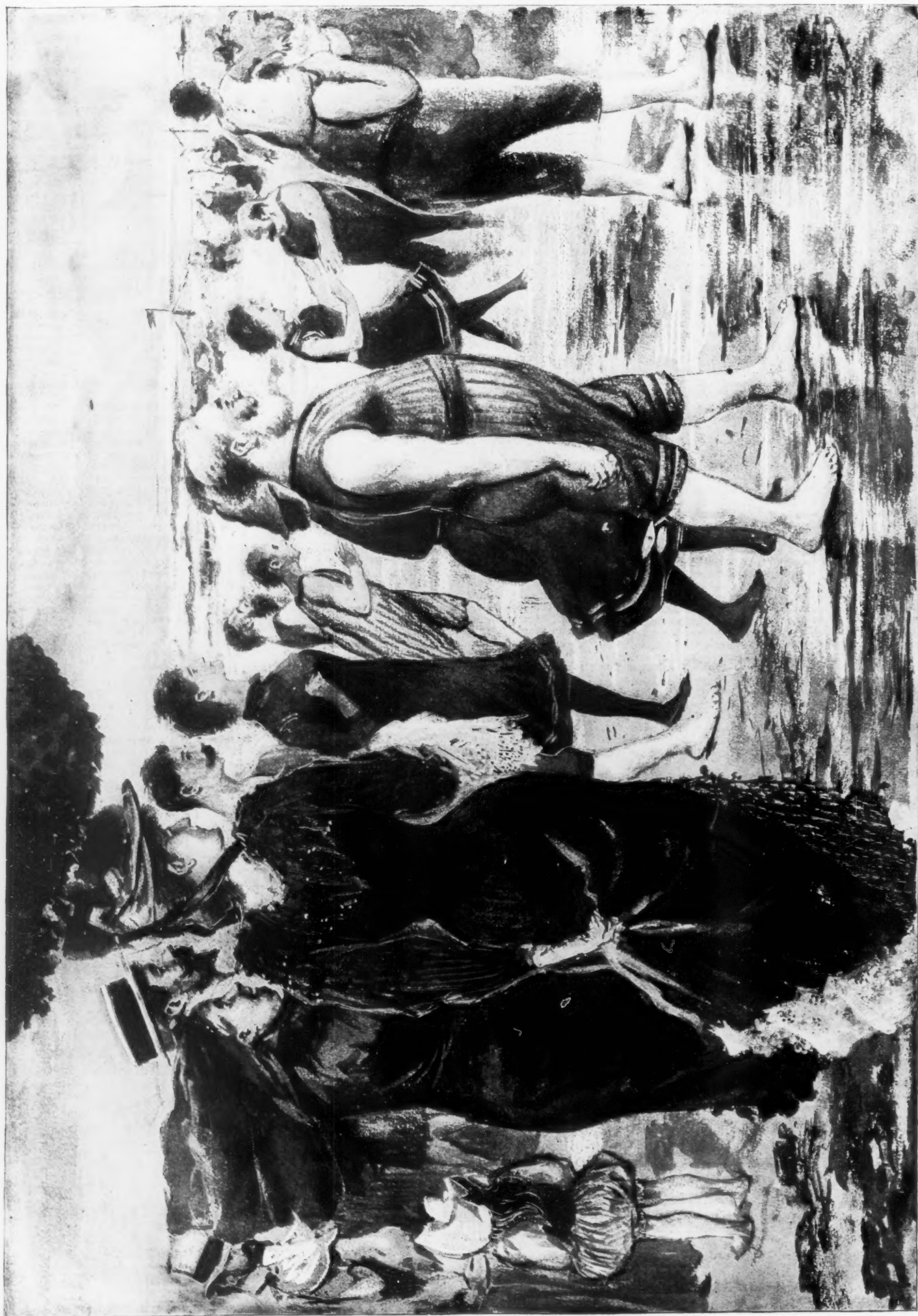
The still, meandering crystal stream
Curves onward through the sedge and grass;
The morning dawns, an orient dream,
And twilight calls to lad and lass.

Joy-crazed, the roistering humble-bee
Booms past you with broad right of way;
The clover-blossom he longs to see,
And Sybaris is his to-day.

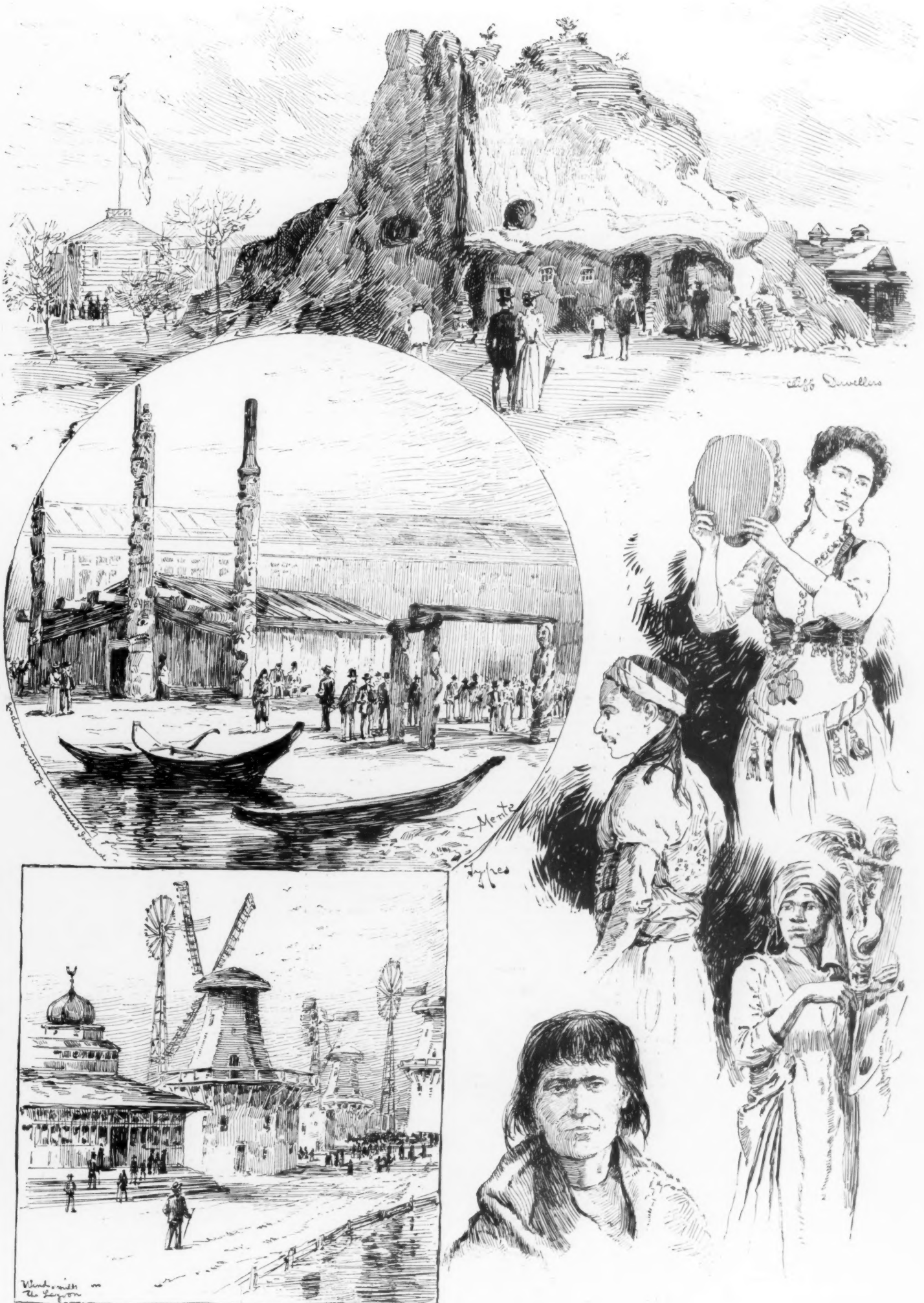
Beating their path on dearest wings,
The happy swallows dart and fly;
And beauty crowns all thoughts and things,
Linked with the earth, the air and sky!

—JOEL FENTON.

THE season of school closing is at hand, and now is the time for parents and guardians to visit the schools and give the teachers and pupils the benefit of their encouragement and kindly interest in their work.



THE FIRST DIPPERS AT CONEY ISLAND.



ODDS AND ENDS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.



There are such lovely things in the scrap-bag! I don't mean in my scrap-bag, but in yours; for I peeped into it just now when nobody was looking, and there I saw all sorts of beautiful clothes for dolls, cunning little frocks, and pinafores, and stylish hats, and fashionable capes and opera wraps. Besides that, I saw elegant bits of furniture for dolly's bedroom and boudoir—for every well-bred young lady doll should have a boudoir—chairs and sofas and beds, rugs, curtains and cushions, there they were lying pell-mell one over the other and no one coming to take them away. Then said I to myself, "Surely little Rosie doesn't know about all these treasures or she would help herself to them, so I'll straightway write and tell her about them before any one else comes this way."

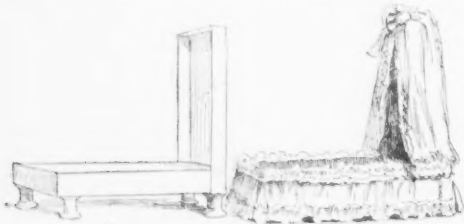
Now just take a peep into the scrap-bag and see if what I say isn't true. Why, it is a perfect doll's dry-goods store. There is cashmere and silk, velvet and lace, ribbon, buttons, gimp feathers, everything complete. All you have got to do is to decide what dolly wants most and then select your material.

Now what means that troubled look on your bright little face? Oh! you want to know who will make the things? Why, you, of course.

Don't know how? Now, little Rosie, you needn't shake your brown curls and look at me so solemnly. It's just the simplest thing in the world, as you will see when I have shown you the way.

What shall we begin with? I am sure you love your dolly very much and take good care of her; but confess, now, don't you sometimes neglect her at night? I have seen the poor little thing lying, face downward, on the nursery floor all through the long dark night, and worse still, left out in the summer-house in the cold and damp, where crickets crawled over her and mice nibbled at her cheeks. Now, how would you like to spend a night in the summer-house? I am sure, after this, you will try to be kinder to your dolly and prepare a suitable bed for her. It is so easy when you have got a scrap-bag.

But first you must find a box. A common pasteboard one that has had toilet soap or note-paper in it will do if your dolly is not very large. See that she fits comfortably in it, so that she won't be in danger of falling out at night.



Now fit one end of the box into one end of the cover, making the cover stand upright as shown in the illustration. Then stitch the two together in this position with a strong needle and thread. Next take four spoons of the same size, from which the thread has all been taken, and fasten them under the box at the four corners. Some one will help you to do this either with a little warm glue or some tacks. You now have the framework of the bed all ready and must begin to cover it. Hunt in the scrap-bag for some pretty bit of muslin or sateen to make the frills. Perhaps you will find a flounce or ruffle, already gathered, that will just do. Pieces of white cotton or light print will do for lining, and if you can get a length of ribbon to make bows for trimming, all the better. Place the lining on the inside of the bed, stitching it neatly in the corners and turning over the edges on the outer side, where the dots are in the drawing, as this will afterward be covered, so it does not matter how it looks just now. Do the same to the back, only you had better cover it inside and outside, bringing the edges together where the dots are. When the lining is all on, make a frill of your muslin or sateen or whatever pretty stuff you can find and tack it firmly round the edge of the bed with a few small stitches here and there. Let the frill be deep enough to cover the spoons. Then fasten a piece of the frilling to the middle of the top of the cover, and let it hang down on each side for curtains, putting a stitch or two below to keep it in place and hide the unfinished edges of your lining. Two bows of pretty ribbon to match your material, one at the head and another at the foot of the bed, will finish it off very tastefully.

You have still to make the mattress and coverings. For the mattress take a bit of holland or print, if you cannot get real ticking or awning. Make it the exact size of the bed and fill it with bran or sawdust, sewing it up firmly that it may not spill out. Then make sheets out of white cotton, linen or lawn, hemmed at each end. A piece of flannel, button-hole stitched at either end with red or blue wool, makes an excellent blanket, and you should be able to find enough white lace to make a lovely quilt and pillow sham. Then make a nice soft little pillow and a comforter to fold over the foot of the bed. The latter

should be of silk or satin with a layer of wadding between.

When you will have done all this, you will have a bed fit for a princess dolly, and when any one asks you where it came from you can tell them quite truly that you found it in the scrap-bag.

Before leaving you I have a few pretty stories to tell about what boys can do to earn a living. Of course boys grow up to be men and then follow the customs and ways of men in regard to the selection of trade or business, but what I am going to write about now is the boys who are not grown up.

All great cities, unfortunately, contain among their populations large numbers of boys who almost do nothing to take care of themselves and who have nobody to take care of them. The present writing is to show paths in which boys who are unfortunate enough to be without parents or other guides toward gaining a livelihood can gain one for themselves.

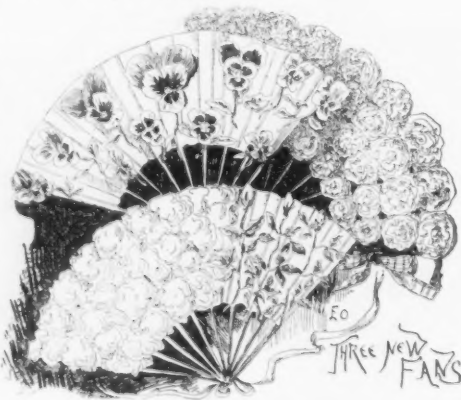
For instance, in Paris a good many years ago it was a little boy of nine years of age who first thought out the idea of selling roasted chestnuts at the corners of the streets. Those chestnuts were of the Italian brand, with which New Yorkers and people living in large cities of the United States have become familiar through seeing them sold by stalwart Italians, that one might think could be better employed in a more manly business; but be that as it may, the boy in question got the idea in his mind, borrowed the money to buy his first stock of chestnuts, begged an old furnace and a pan, and started in business. He died forty years ago, leaving half a million of francs (\$100,000) to the poor of the city of Paris, and now roasting and boiling chestnuts is one of the most common as well as most profitable trades in Paris.

Here is another case. A boy about the same age as the one already mentioned, noticed that the well-dressed people in the city where he lived frequently destroyed the polish of their shoes when a sudden shower came up in crossing the streets; the same being the case, indeed, with ladies as well. He bought several pairs of wooden shoes and planting himself on the most fashionable avenue, made a business of renting these shoes to ladies and gentlemen, who stopped near the curbstone, to reflect how they should cross the soft muddy district, lying between them and the other side of the street. By slipping on a pair of these wooden shoes they were enabled to reach the opposite sidewalk with dry feet, whereupon they paid the boy a penny, when he took back his shoes and continued the business. Another case which occurred in winter, in a prominent capital, was that of a boy who stationed himself on one of the public streets, with a large furnace of burning coal, which he offered to the cold feet of the passersby at a cent "a warm." His furnace was surrounded from morning to night and his pockets rapidly filled with copper coin.

Paris is peculiarly the place of what are called "little industries." There, instead of selling the curious puzzles and toys which are disposed of at the corners of streets in New York, they sell shortcakes and other similar articles for eating, and boys make quite considerable incomes by that means. One of the oldest industries for boys in large cities is picking up corks in the streets and selling them to the large establishments, which use them in bottling beer, soda water, and other kinds of drinks. Other children sell dyed eggs at Easter and lay up a great deal of money thereby. All of this shows how many small ways there are of making a good living in the city, and there must be many others which would apply properly to country boys, all of which go to make a boy independent and to give him the valuable possession of the feeling that he is doing something to support himself. AUNT FANNY.

FANS AND POCKETS.

THE origin of the fan can be traced to the most remote antiquity. "It is ascribed by some historians to Kan-si, daughter of a Chinese mandarin, and by others to the sibyl of Cumæ, who is said to have used a fan during the delivery of her oracles." History repeats itself. How many of our modern sibyls deliver their oracles while gracefully manipulating their fans. But even long before the days of the sibyl the fan was commonly used in Egypt, as is evident from its having been painted on the walls of the tombs at Thebes, where the king is represented surrounded by a group of fan bearers.



In Greece traces of the fan have been found as early as 500 B.C. Fans were always popular among the women of Rome, and were often used by the men. At dinner it was a common custom for slaves to stand behind the chairs of the guests waving long-handled fans. This custom prevailed throughout our Southern States during the days of slavery, as it still does to a certain extent. I have often dined in the South where two or three young negroes

stood round the table waving long fans made of peacock feathers.

The Mediaeval fan was made of eagle or peacock feathers in a variety of forms, and fastened with handles of gold, silver or ivory, often set with precious stones of great value.

Catherine de Medicis is said to have been the first to introduce a fan in France, and after her it was generally used. The fan she used could be folded like those of the present day. No court toilet was considered complete without a fan, and during the reign of Henry II. and of the Louises fans became objects of such luxury that they often cost hundreds of dollars.

In England fans are less used than in almost any country. In Spain they are so much and so generally used that life would be incomplete to a Spanish woman without her fan. The women of Spain carry on conversations with their fans; they have a regular code of signals which express their ideas, or rather feelings. In "Contarini" Fleming Disraeli graphically describes the manipulations of the fan by the fair Spaniard.



In Japan and China the fan occupies a most important place in daily life. It may almost be said to be a national emblem of Japan, and its cheapness is, to us Americans, marvelous. A friend who has just returned from a visit to Japan showed me a dozen lovely fans she bought there, all of which did not cost her as much as the price of one here.

But we cannot all go to Japan, and we have thousands of lovely fans at home; let us look at them.

One can spend hundreds of dollars on one fan if one so chooses; for there are many made of expensive feathers with pearl and jeweled sticks. But few women are disposed to indulge in these extravagant fancies. The average price paid for fans runs from twenty-five cents to five dollars.

The handsome Japanese paper fans are most in vogue for ordinary use. Very pretty ones may be had for seventy-five cents.

Feather, lace and ribbon fans are most favored for evening-dress. Three novelties introduced this spring are here given. One is made of rosettes of ribbon fastened on the sticks, and is a very handsome affair. Another is of ribbon having nine sticks, over which the ribbon seems to be woven like basket-work. This is called a witch's fan; opened one way, it all falls apart, to the consternation of the uninitiated, who imagine the fan is wrecked; but, opened the other way, presto! it is restored to a perfect fan.

The third fan shown is one-half lace and the other half flowers. When closed it looks like a bouquet, and at the opera or theater serves the purpose of both fan and nosegay.

The outside hanging pockets, which are a necessity to some women, are made this spring in varied shapes and colors. Those most favored are of the envelope shape, crocheted on rings with silk to match the gown with which they are to be worn, and are ornamented with little bows or tassels. Others of this shape are crocheted in the close mitten stitch of black silk with patterns of jet beads.



Pretty black and colored velvet bags, with gold and silver tops, are much in favor, as are the velvet embroidered ones carried on the arm or fastened to the fan by long narrow ribbons. These are easily made, and have a pretty and stylish appearance. JULE DE RYTHEN.

Ferris' Good Sense Waist

Best for Health, Economy and Beauty. BUTTONS at front instead of CLASPS. KING BUCKLE at hip for Hose supporters. Tape-fastened Buttons—can't pull off. Cord-Edged Button Holes—won't wear out. FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults. MARSHALL FIELD & CO. West'n Wholesale Depot. Send for illustrated circular.

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BY JOHNSON BURT.

V.—MISS WAYNESIDE'S PUPILS.

It is not at all unusual in New York for a woman who needs to earn her own living to start a school or to try to obtain special classes or pupils. So when Miss Wayneside, daughter of an able physician who died suddenly without leaving much but his good-will and some bad debts to his daughter, who was all that remained of his family, announced to her friends and acquaintances that she would try to make ends meet by teaching French and German to ladies young and old, people who knew her and liked her merely sighed and said they hoped she would succeed. There was reason for the sighing, for many people liked Miss Wayneside, who was an ideal picture of health, and therefore the soul of cheerfulness and friendly feeling. They wished her well with all their hearts, yet who ever heard of a teacher of languages, without a foreign reputation, making more than the barest of livings?

But within a few months women began to talk often and long about Miss Wayneside's school. All of them had feared they might be asked to become pupils—a request which they would have been ready to construe as a roundabout way of requesting them to contribute to the material support of the young woman; for, really, what did she know about French and German but what she had learned in her earlier youth at schools like those which they themselves had attended? She had not sent out circulars, even, yet she had a class of eight or ten women, some of whom were quite young, while others ranged all the way up to women who are politely described as "not very old." Stranger still, all of the pupils, regardless of age, were members of families noted for the abundance of their money. How she got these people no one knew, yet every one wondered, and it was not long before other women began to tell themselves that the best way to become acquainted with some society people whom they were longing to know was to join Miss Wayneside's language class.

Then came another surprise, and with it a disappointment, for the amateur teacher, while she expressed herself handsomely as to the compliment which was implied by requests to join her class, was obliged to say that she really had all the students she could properly look after. At some future time, perhaps, she would be able to form an additional class, but at present her entire time and the available room of the house her father had left her was occupied.

This answer set women to thinking, and several who had leisure and room, yet not as much money as they wanted, ventured themselves into the teaching of languages, but somehow they did not secure pupils like those of Miss Wayneside, if, indeed, they were fortunate enough to get pupils of any kind. Such of these enterprising women who were also well-disposed toward their kind admitted that Kate Wayneside was no common woman, and was better equipped than they for such service to their fellow beings, but there were not a few who were suspicious enough to insinuate that the Wayneside girl had some "pull," through her lamented father's professional practice, and they wished to goodness that they knew what it was.

But the wondering did not stop with this, for before many months had passed it was generally remarked that Kate Wayneside's class was a remarkably handsome lot of women. When women say such a thing about other women, there must be some truth in it; indeed, it must be entirely true, though perhaps not all of the truth, for there are women who wouldn't admit that other women are handsome—not for their lives, if there were any way of getting out of it. Women, old and young, laid their heads together and compared notes, and the more they talked the more their wonder grew, for none of Miss Wayneside's pupils had been noted for beauty before they began to study French and German under the new teacher. Could it be possible that the study of modern languages had a mysterious yet positive influence in the development of beauty in the human form and face? Some of the inquirers were enterprising enough to look for the answer in practical experimenting; they bought French and German grammars, and studied hard on the sly; but in spite of their best efforts their mirrors did not show any noticeable change of appearance, except that several grew thinner of face and duller of complexion, which they wouldn't have done for absolute proficiency in all the languages of the world and all the dead languages beside.

In the meantime, Miss Wayneside continued to teach and her pupils continued to improve in appearance, and "society," or as much of it as knew the students or wished to know them, became so curious on the subject as to give afternoon teas for the sole purpose of talking about the Wayneside class and its unexpected results. The pupils, and even the teacher herself, were sometimes inveigled into these gatherings, and skillfully questioned, but to no effect; the most that Miss Wayneside would say was that her course was so severe that she had cautioned all her students to keep themselves in good physical condition, and the students themselves would say nothing more to the point, although once in a while some one of them would remark that to keep herself in proper condition for study she was obliged to decline invitations which implied late hours or large dinners. On receipt of this information a large number of women dropped all attention to the subject, for, if life were to continue worth living they could not afford to lose the entertainments which make so large a part of city "life." Others, however, could not dispose of their curiosity so easily, so in the course of time some men who made a business of studying the gentler

sex found reason for saying that unless Miss Wayneside were to make satisfactory explanations pretty soon, all the women of her acquaintance would soon become gimlet-eyed through insane curiosity.

But women were not the only curious ones. Among those who had noted the remarkable change in the appearance of Miss Wayneside's pupils, was a young man who aspired to distinction in the newspaper world, and aspired also to the hand and heart of Miss Wayneside herself. In the last named desire he had not been so successful as he had hoped; the young woman, although she seemed to like him, was old enough and also independent enough to have a mind of her own, so her suitor's advances, which were much like those that young men everywhere think the proper and effective thing, seemed to have very little effect. Naturally the youth was disappointed, and asked himself what was the matter with him. Certainly he was intelligent, of good manners, and fairly good-looking; several other girls seemed willing to tumble into his arms, accept his name, and accept the risk of being sustained by his affections and earnings, yet Miss Wayneside remained coy and distant, though she was friendly enough when he refrained from sentiment. Well, there was one way of bringing her to her senses, unless she really cared nothing for him—he would make her jealous.

Within a week the young man was seeming to make earnest love to one of Miss Wayneside's pupils, and as the girl was young enough to be quite susceptible to manly ardor, the teacher began to regard her seriously, to the great delight of the suitor. Miss Wayneside reasoned with the young man, who replied, in entire sincerity, that his attentions would at once be diverted from pupil to teacher, if only he could be sure that the teacher would accept them. The teacher endeavored to change the direction of the conversation by saying that the girl's progress in her studies would be arrested were the poor child to fall in love, upon which the youth replied that he was sure the teacher would be all the more successful were she herself in love. Miss Wayneside disagreed with him, kindly yet firmly, which so provoked the youth that he became more earnest in his attentions to the pupil.

There is only one end to such double dealing, if a man is half as manly as he professes to be. Within a month the young journalist was so deeply in love with the pupil as to wonder how he ever had imagined himself fond of the teacher. This is not the place and time to discuss the fickleness of men and the influence of honest maids who have given their hearts away so thoroughly that they are sure to get hearts in return. The young man pressed his suit, the young woman was changeable yet sincere; so in two or three months there was a wedding, and the bride was not Miss Wayneside, although the teacher was too busy and also too indifferent to waste either tears or time over the matter. A day or two after the wedding the following information appeared exclusively in the *Firmament*, the newspaper with which the bridegroom was connected:

"For many months past it has been matter of wonder, in the most exclusive social circles of the metropolis, that the pupils in the language class conducted by a most estimable young woman, daughter of a famous physician recently deceased, were more remarkable in form and figure than any others of Eve's daughters with whom they were acquainted. Other women strived vainly to solve the mystery, but the solution was reserved for the well-known and generally admitted skill of the *Firmament*, which never gets left.

"It appears that the late lamented physician, father of the charming and accomplished teacher of the language class, had advanced views as to the physical development of the gentler sex, and had communicated these views to his daughter; in fact, he had made this young woman the medium of a series of experiments which resulted in the development of a magnificent beauty from what might be denominated a feminine chrysalis. The lady herself, with a noble devotion to the theories of her deceased father, desired to benefit the world in general and her sex in particular, yet shrank from the glare of publicity, so she disclosed her purpose only to old patients of her father—families upon whom the physician had already expressed and urged his peculiar opinions. As no woman is, in her own opinion, as entirely charming as she wishes to be, the effect of the suggestion was like unto that of the seed, mentioned in Scripture, which was sown upon good ground; all of it yielded fruit in the shape of fair pupils who nevertheless wished to be fairer.

"But how could the careful course of training which the physician devised, and practiced in the case of his own daughter, be taken without attracting attention? The ready wit of the physician's competent successor was quite equal to the emergency. A series of lessons in certain modern languages was planned; as to that, it was faithfully followed, but only as a "blind" to the more important instruction and exercises to which the class bound itself, binding itself at the same time to absolute secrecy as to the real purpose of the meetings. At the house of the late lamented there were rooms specially fitted up for exercise calculated to develop and strengthen vital organs, which in the fair sex are generally and pitifully insufficient to their duties. In these, a dozen women, old and young, in some cases mothers with their daughters, participated faithfully, with results so beneficial to health and beauty that their value cannot possibly be overestimated. The class finds it impossible to express their obligations to their fair teacher, who, in her turn, modestly disclaims any special merit, attributing all of the good results to the teachings of her estimable father. It is but just to say that the course of training, although not severe, became terribly arduous to some ladies who aspired to social prominence, and who could not bring themselves to forego late hours and high living, but all who remained true to their original purpose soon became so much fairer than before as to become objects of admiration as well as of envy. In fact, the writer speaks from strict veracity when he says that the most beautiful and

entrancing maiden who has this season consented to be led to the hymeneal altar was a graduate of this supposititious, yet actual language class, for what language is more eloquent, or speaks more distinctly to all classes, than that which is inarticularly expressed by the highest development of womanly beauty accompanied by perfect mental and physical health?—*mens sana in corpore sano?*"

Although no names were used in this article, quite a number of women had no doubt as to who was alluded to as the teacher of the discreetly cloaked class in physical development; a smaller number knew perfectly well who was alluded to as "the most beautiful and entrancing maiden who has this season consented to be led to the hymeneal altar," etc., and how, with many honest yet indignant blushes, they did wish they had known, before they sent her wedding presents, that the little wretch was going to give away the secret of their reconstruction-house. As to other women, they knew at last why it was that Miss Wayneside lived so handsomely on her receipts from so small a "language" class, and others had no difficulty in concluding that their own special studies in modern languages had been so much time thrown away. Most women, however, when they heard the story, remarked only:

"Well, what next? Isn't it wonderful—the ways there are of getting along in this world?"

As for Miss Wayneside, the free advertising which her disappointed suitor gave her came near destroying her business, for women in general don't care to take the public into their confidence when they are endeavoring to improve their personal appearance. Besides, for women to take special and actual physical exercise for any purpose is so unusual as to seem almost improper, not to say disgraceful; so all of the late pupils of Miss Wayneside blushed violently whenever, after the publication of the newspaper article, they found themselves objects of special admiration or curiosity. When, a few days after the enterprising newspaper man's disclosure, one old physician at a medical dinner remarked—

"Odd business that Wayneside's daughter went into, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and as sensible as it is odd; but, if it becomes fashionable, all of us doctors will have to change our business or go to the poorhouse."

"No danger of that, old man," said the first speaker.

"Wayneside's girl had only about a dozen pupils, and she lost the whole lot as soon as the rest of the world knew what they were really studying. Women are ashamed to make a business of being healthy, so the poor girl has lost her job, and we'll go on making as big fees as ever out of the fair sex, and the quacks will continue to make fortunes out of cosmetics and all that sort of nonsense. Don't you see?"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

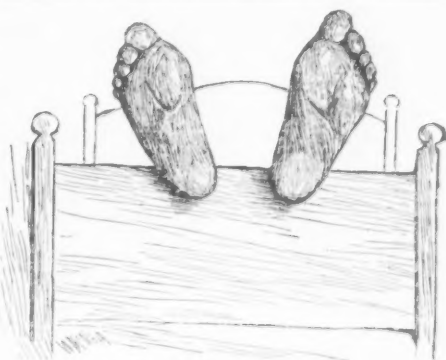
WITH No. 8, Vol. XL, we present the interesting romance "Marie," by Lillian Herbert Andrews. The book might be aptly described as a study in black and white, some startling effects being realized by the juxtaposition of innocence and crime. The highest light falls on "Marie," a beautiful and innocent young Parisian, whose simple life is shadowed and spoiled by an unknown enemy. Some of the incidents that form part of this thrilling narrative are gruesome in character, but, being skillfully handled, are not without a certain fascination for the reader. The workmanlike execution of the novel is not the least of its merits. It will undoubtedly be a favorite in the Library.

NEVER BORROW, STEALING PREFERABLE, SAYS RUSKIN.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD, editor of the "Poems of John Ruskin," states that the great art critic had a perfect detestation of debt, and once wrote this advice to a correspondent asking for some money to help pay off a church debt:

"My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, 'Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a sandpit, or a coal-hole, first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN."

The recipient of the letter was subtly avenged—he sold it for ten pounds.



A TICKLISH POSITION.



SKETCHES OF THE BURLESQUE, "1492, UP TO DATE (OR VERY NEAR IT)," AT PALMER'S THEATER.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, IN MARBLE.

The little village of Crawfordville, in Taliaferro County, Georgia, on the railroad from Atlanta to Augusta, was the home of Alexander H. Stephens during most of his life, and was the scene, Wednesday, May 24, of the unveiling of an imposing monument to his memory. By a curious coincidence, this ceremony over the grave of the vice-president of the late Confederate States of America occurred almost simultaneously with the reinterment of the ashes of the president of the same short-lived Confederacy.

The Stephens monument, which has been erected by the "Stephens Monumental Association," organized soon after the death of the distinguished Georgian, at Atlanta,

The monument consists of a life-size statue of Stephens of pure white marble carved in Italy, mounted on a pedestal of light gray Georgia granite. The pedestal is eleven feet, four inches high; the plinth on which the figure

in which he used to be wheeled about the halls of Congress in Washington, is missing. This is due to a wish Stephens expressed before he died that he might be pictured to posterity as a strong man, not as the helpless being he was for so many years. He is represented standing erect. A desk is at his side, and with his left hand resting easily thereon he holds the other half raised, with forefinger extended, in the act of lending emphasis to a point with one of his favorite gestures. The attitude is easy and natural, and the whole expression life-like.

The tablets on each of the four faces of the pedestal all bear inscriptions. On the front is the following:

"Born February 11, 1812; Member of Georgia House of Representatives, 1836 to 1840; Member of Georgia State Senate, 1842; Member of United States House of Representatives, 1843; Retired from Congress, 1859; Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, 1861 to 1865; United States Senator-elect from Georgia, 1866; Member of United States House of Representatives, 1873 to 1882; Governor of Georgia, 1882; Died in Atlanta, Ga., Sunday morning, March 4, 1883; Author of 'A Constitutional View of the War Between the States' and of a 'History of the United States from Their Settlement until 1872.'"

Below is "Alexander H. Stephens" in large raised letters, and on the opposite side of the pedestal is this:

"The Great Commoner; the Defender of Civil and Religious Liberty; He Coveted and Took from the Republic nothing but Glory; *Non Sibi, sed Aliis!*"

On the third side is the following extract from Stephens's Augusta speech:

"I am afraid of nothing on the earth or above the earth or under the earth except to do wrong—the path of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences."

And also this:

"Here sleep the remains of one who dared to tell the people they were wrong when he believed so, and who never intentionally deceived a friend or betrayed an enemy."

The fourth tablet bears this tribute to Stephens from his friend, Richard Malcolm Johnson:

"Throughout life a sufferer in body, mind and spirit, he was a signal example of wisdom, courage, fortitude, patience, forbearance, and unwearying charity. In the decrepitude of age called to be Governor of the State, he died while in the performance of the work of his office, and it seemed fit that, having survived parents, brethren, sisters, and most of the dear companions of youth, he should lay his dying head upon the bosom of his people."

The unveiling ceremonies, which took place May 24, was the occasion of a great gathering of Georgians. The oration was delivered by Hon. Thomas M. Norwood, ex-United States Senator and one of Georgia's ablest public men.

It is bad enough to be in prison for life; but to be arrested besides is the added hardship of the leaders of a gang of fifteen life convicts who recently tried to escape from the Frankfort, Ky., prison.

A very good and very lucky little boy is Johnny Walsh, of New London, Conn., who received two thousand dollars for finding and restoring a pair of diamond earrings belonging to Mrs. Johnson of Norwich.



ALEXANDER STEPHENS AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE.

March 4, 1883, stands at the head of his grave, almost under the shadow of his old home, "Liberty Hall." The "Hall," now the property of the Monument Association, and carefully kept just as Stephens left it, is an old-fashioned Southern mansion of the stereotyped white-paint-and-green-blinds type. It is surrounded by a fine grove, and commands a fine view. Sloping away from the front veranda is a spacious lawn, down which a gravel walk leads to the entrance. Midway of this descent and by the side of the walk the new monument rises to the height of eighteen feet, standing out strikingly clear in contrast with the green all around.



THE MONUMENT AT CRAWFORDVILLE, GA.

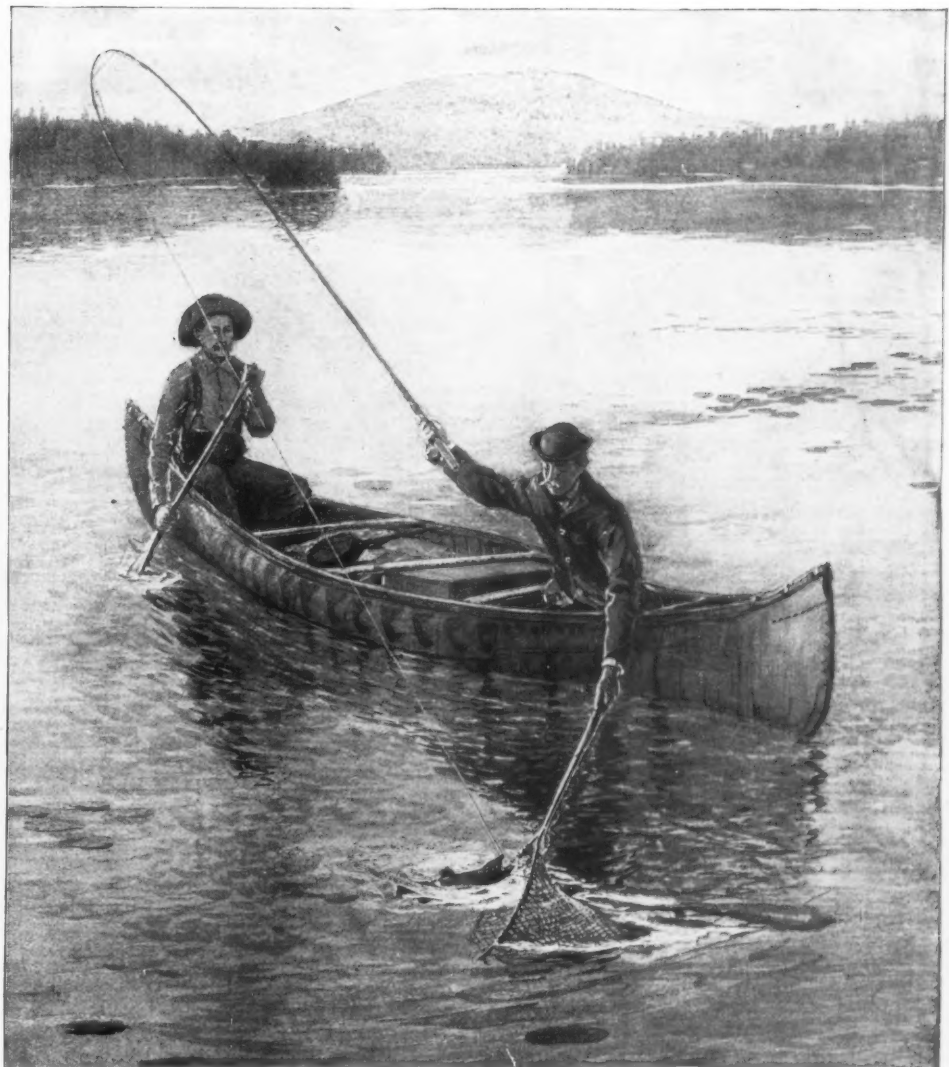
rests, four inches, and the statue itself, six feet, two inches. The whole weighs forty-five thousand pounds.

The figure represents Stephens as a young man. The invalid chair in which he spent all of his later years and



THE night before the 30th day of May there was a great exodus of anglers from the cities en route to their favorite angling waters in search of black bass.

Among the greater fishing resorts in high favor with the devotees of this popular form of sport none exceed in interest the lovely channels that thread among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. This section is reached from New York by rail through Albany and Utica; Clayton, the river terminus, being some four hours' travel directly north from the latter point. Later in the year, when the vast summer population, which annually returns to these enchanted islands, turns northward, there are five through trains; but the early angler goes prepared to meet the conditions of a winter schedule. He is reasonably sure, however, to be well repaid for any minor hardships. Accommodation may be had at Cape Vincent, Clayton or Alexandria Bay, at any time. The splendid skiffs in general use upon the



A GOOD BITE.

St. Lawrence are probably not equaled for safety, comfort and general adaptability, by any other craft in the world, and the oarsmen are quite up to their work; many of them have their engagements for the whole season from year to year.

The black bass of the St. Lawrence River, propagated in the clear cold waters that flow down from Lake Ontario, is as strong and agile as a trout. Under the existing law no fish under eight inches in length can be kept; but this size is regarded by many anglers as being too small, and it is probable that the catchable size will be raised, as far as the St. Lawrence River is concerned, to ten inches.

At the beginning of June, the female bass, with her faithful consort, leaves the shoals where the eggs have been deposited and carefully protected by the wonderful little pyramids of pebbles which may be noted in the clear stream from the boats. The usual bait is the large or medium brook minnow. As the boat skirts along mile after mile of romantic shore line, the minnows are trailed far behind from the tips of light rods with plenty of line in reserve upon the reels. The average bass weighs two pounds and seldom exceeds four.

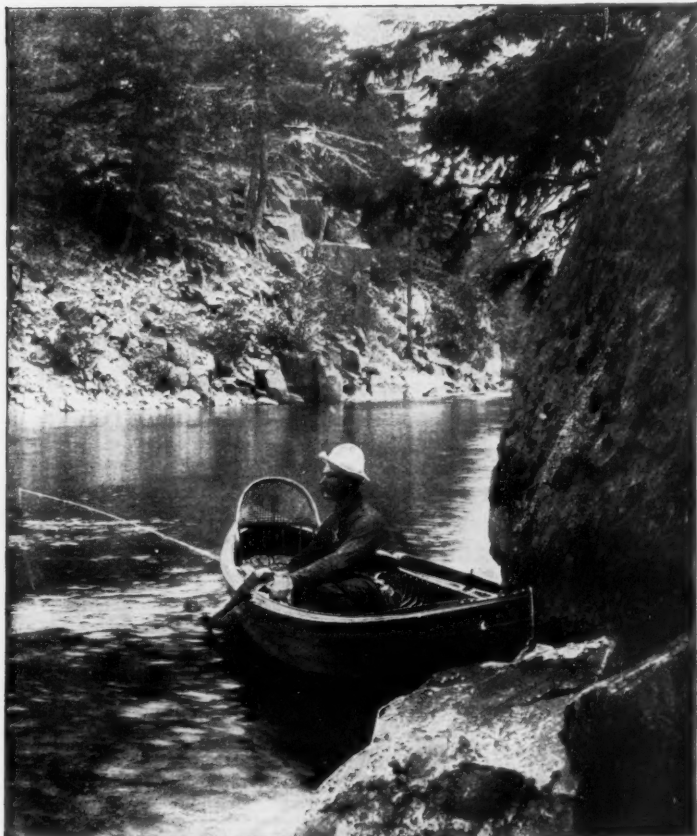
In the Bay of Quinte, a large reach of water to the westward of Kingston, Canada, and easily reached from the Thousand Islands, the bass are larger than in American waters. In going hither, it is well to carry all equipment and American boatmen.

The open season for Muskallonge is coincident with that for bass, and special tackle is usually employed for ensnaring this fresh water monster. They are undoubtedly numerous among the Thousand Islands, but the event of catching one of the big fellows is so rare as to create considerable excitement. The capture of a Muskallonge is indicated to other boats and the rest of mankind by the display of a white flag, usually a handkerchief from the bow.

The pickerel is more numerous among the Thousand Islands than in any other waters known to the writer. Although he has been diligently pursued for a quarter of a century by hordes of insatiable tourists and is "as common as kindling wood" on the wharves at nightfall, the supply seems to hold out undiminished.

The summer residents and progressive citizens of Jefferson County, New York, formed, some years ago, the St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association, now a strong and influential body, and it is due to the work of its members that the fish of this region have been saved from the netters, and the line of effort now extends into Canada, where, at the present time, a healthy public sentiment exists in favor of similar measures for preserving and restocking the island district waters, so that the true sportsman may for all future time find in this region his ideal of a fisherman's paradise.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,
Author of "Bottle's Baby," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. WINTON took the first opportunity she had of telling Mr. Hawkesley how great a mistake he had made in telling Phyllis of Mr. Dornberg's supposed death, and she was perfectly satisfied as to the genuineness of his belief in it, for the Vicar was not the kind of man who would tell that sort of untruth well.

"I genuinely saw it, Mrs. Winton," he said. "I had the paper sent from a friend in Berlin to show me an announcement concerning himself. He did not know that I had ever seen Dornberg at all. I noticed the name, and asked a man in the club whether that was the account of a death. And he told me yes."

"What was the date of the paper?" "Really, now," he said, "I can't tell you; I know that the announcement said 'on the 27th.'"

"I daresay it was his father," said Mrs. Winton. "He died a month or two ago." "It might have been, but I don't think it was," said the Vicar decidedly.

"Did it say the age?" "No."

"Then what makes you think it was not his father?"

"Well, I don't think it was his father," was all the Vicar would say.

"The first time that Mr. Hawkesley saw Phyllis he told her how sorry he was that he should have given her a piece of news that was not accurate."

"It was a thousand pities that I lost the paper," he said, "but if I had not done so you would not have known how could you have read it other than I did? Miss Damer, were you very much distressed—that is, did you think very much of this fellow?" "I liked him immensely," said Phyllis coldly.

"Better than you like me?"

"I don't like you at all, Mr. Hawkesley," she replied. "She was in no mood then to go out of her way to be sweet to him."

"Phyllis, will you never like me?" he cried passionately.

"Oh, Mr. Hawkesley," she said, "don't begin that again. You know that I shall never like you in that way. Believe me, I would if I could, but I can't."

"Then this Dornberg has cut me out," he said angrily.

"No," she answered, "he has not cut

you out, for you never were in a position to be cut out."

"Will you never relent to me?"

"Oh, dear if you would only let me alone. I—I cannot love any one to order; you must not ask me. I would so gladly oblige you if I could—you must know that. I don't think you ought to worry me in this way. It's painful for me, and it's humiliating for you. Oh, please, Mr. Hawkesley, do let the subject drop for good and all."

It was of course no real use for him to persist any further. If he had been a wise man he would have let the subject drop, and have said simply in a manly, straightforward fashion that he was sorry, and nothing more. As it was, his unfortunate temper got the worst of him.

"I suppose," he said, "when this beggarly German comes back again, that you will effectually put it out of my power to ask you any more."

"You have no right to say that to me," said Miss Damer, very coldly. "I have said 'no' to your question; therefore there is no more to be said about it."

Mercifully for Phyllis the time of year had come when Mr. Hawkesley always paid a certain visit to the West of England. It is almost necessary for people who live in the strong Essex air to have a thorough change in the spring of the year, and Mr. Hawkesley was in the habit of paying a rather long visit to an old college friend who had a living in Cornwall. The girl seemed to breathe more freely when he was gone, leaving a pleasant young man installed in the vicarage as *locum tenens*.

So, banishing March came and went. Twice or three times Margaret heard from F. Jones, and twice she heard from Dornberg himself. He was much better; he was making a marvelous recovery from his severe illness, and his physician believed he would eventually not be much the worse for it. The season was very bright and cold, and Mrs. Winton began to talk of a little journey away, but Phyllis begged her not to move until Easter—if the truth be told, because she so much preferred remaining at Dagleigh while the Vicar was absent, and going away while he was present.

They had quite decided to make a long trip in Normandy during the autumn, and to be away at least six weeks. They were all remarkably well, and Mrs. Winton was very anxious to spend a week in Paris with her husband and sister as soon after Easter as the rush of holiday makers should be over. Phyllis was nothing loth. She was fond of Paris, and she liked the change as all girls do, and as she wanted various new garments she was as willing to get them in Paris as in London. Soon they made all their arrangements.

And meantime she spent a happy, if not very exciting time, being more with the children than with her sister. If the truth be told, she was not exactly living, she was putting in the time until Dornberg should come back again, and she knew and felt sure that he would come.

And at last, one fine afternoon in the early days of April, almost the first mild and really spring-like day that they had, an open fly came along the white road from the direction of Harburgh and turned in at the open gate of the Manor. In a moment there was a rush down the stairs, a scream from Olive, and a long exultant cry from Margaret.

"I knew it was—it's dear Dornberg!"

CHAPTER XIV.

PERHAPS never had the children at the Manor been in such a high state of glee and excitement as on the afternoon when Dornberg made his reappearance there. Margaret hung on one hand, Olive had tight hold of the other, and even Christian, wrapped as she was in the demure dignity of sixteen years, put out both her hands to him and cried, "Oh, I am so pleased to see you again. Tell us how you are—better?"

"Where is Phyllis?" said Olive.

"Phyllis? Oh, Phyllis is in the fernery. I saw her there ten minutes ago. She doesn't know you've come," cried Margaret.

"Let's go and fetch her," said Olive.

"Let's all go," said Christian.

"My dear little friends," said Dornberg,

in his very own caressing and persuasive accents, "wouldn't you like to open the

parcel I've brought for you from Berlin?"

"Oh, yes," cried Margaret, "of course we should."

"Suppose that you open it now, and I'll go and show mine to Miss Phyllis."

"But Phyllis would like to see us open the parcel," said Olive.

Whereon Christian, who was older and better versed in the ways of the world, and had also a sort of an idea that Mr. Dornberg was more fond of Phyllis than any of them, gave her a nudge and said, "Oh, yes, come and let us go and open it now. You know the way to the fernery, don't you?"

She drew her two young sisters back into the drawing-room and Dornberg went back to the fly to get the big parcel that he had brought them.

"You'd better go round to the stables and put up; I shall be here some little time," he said to the flyman.

Then he, without further ado, made his way toward the fernery. He was looking thinner and a little worn, but if his face had lost something of its tan it had lost nothing of its homely, and if the shadows under his eyes were unusually dark, they only served to deepen the tenderness which lingered there.

It happened that Phyllis was very busy with a pair of gardening gloves, and a trowel in one hand, and a little plant in a pot in the other, when the sound of the opening door made her turn her head to see who was coming in. She gave a start as she saw him, and both trowel and flower-pot fell from her trembling fingers. Dornberg shut the door and crossed the floor of the little glass house in one stride.

"Darling," he said, "you are glad to see me?"

I never like to write of what happens at such moments as these, it belongs to these two, and to these two alone. In truth I am not quite sure, nor do I think that they were, as to what did happen. She cried a little, and he kissed her a good deal, and she looked at him to see what traces were left of his illness, and he held her at arm's length, as he said, to get a good look at her. And then they sat down on two exceedingly dirty boxes turned upside down and discussed the future.

"My dear," he said, "I will go and see Winton—he's a good sort—and get it over at once. Did you think it strange of me that I did not come to you before I went abroad? I went home, I could not help it, I was sent off at four hours' notice, and then as I wrote to my little friend, I was detained by one cause and another. And when I was so ill with the horrible pain in both my hands, and, in fact, in all my limbs, I so regretted that I had not spoken out to you—I regretted it, and yet I did not regret—I don't know what I wished or would have had; I only thought of you all the time, and I determined that I would get back as soon as ever the doctors would let me out of their hands. I have hated so to be away from you. Tell me, did you miss me too?"

Well of course Phyllis told him so at length, and in a manner highly satisfactory to himself; and then, more because she was afraid of his being in the draughty little glasshouse than for any other reason, she insisted that they should go back to the house. And then she saw all the beautiful things that he had brought for the children.

They were beautiful things. A bracelet each and a pin for Vivian, and a wonderful collection of quaint German odds and ends for the decoration of their own room—pottery, iron-work, and some marvelous sweetmeats.

"My real present to Margaret," said he, drawing the child toward him, "is coming after me, it was not quite finished—or, rather, I should say it is coming to me, for I ordered it to be made in London. The others must not be jealous of my giving Margaret something more than them. They will never know," he said, with almost a quiver in his voice, "what a comfort Margaret's sweet little letters were to me during my illness. Ah! here's Mrs. Winton!"

"Mr. Dornberg! Oh, Gerald—here's Mr. Dornberg come back! And how are you—tell me, are you quite recovered?"

"Oh, I'm getting on, thanks," he said, taking both her hands and holding them cordially.

"I'm so glad of that. Why, what are all these things? Oh, how extravagant of you! Did you bring all these for the children? Really, I don't think you ought to be so extravagant—you spoil them—but it is kind of you. Oh, what charming presents!"

"Mr. Dornberg, you've brought nothing (Continued on page 15.)"

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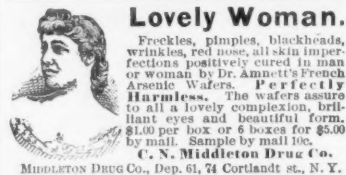
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It is very interesting to learn that a step forward has been made in color photography. Mr. Lippmann, at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, exhibited nine photographs in which many colors were reproduced after exposures shorter by many minutes than formerly. In fact, it has become a question of seconds now instead of minutes of exposure. This must be interesting news for photographers.



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WANTED—Salesmen to whom we will give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY to sell our celebrated **PINLESS CLOTHES LINE**, the only line ever invented that holds clothes without PINS—a wonderful success; our famous **FOUNTAIN INK ERASER** which will erase ink instantly, and has NO EQUAL. The success of our salesmen shows the great demand for these articles, many making \$20 to \$30 per day. On receipt of \$5, we will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with price-lists and terms. **PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO.**, No. 188 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

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